

THE MONITOR:

An Illustrated Dublin Magazine.

AUGUST, 1879.

THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—DEPARTURES.

A FEW days after Francis Percy went to New York. He had received a letter from the publisher of the paper for which he was to write, and it was necessary, he said, that he should go without delay. He did not show this letter to his mother nor to Clara, and neither of them asked to see it, though Mrs. Percy was both hurt and surprised at his omission. It was not, indeed, so urgent a call as he represented it to be.

As it lacked now but four weeks of the time fixed for their departure for Europe, it was decided that he should await them in New York instead of returning. There were many things for him to do besides attend to his own personal business. He had to engage their passage in the steamer which should have the best reputation for comfort and safety, and provide a number of those encumbrances which ladies fancy they cannot travel without. It was, on the whole, better that he should precede them, they thought, as it would enable them to go directly to the steamer from the train, on their arrival in New York; and though it was a pity that he should have to pay a hotel bill for nearly four weeks before starting, yet the journey back would perhaps cost quite as much.

The evening before starting he went out for a last walk with Clara, to pay a farewell visit to their summer haunts. But the old pleasure in them was gone. The world had rushed in with its feverish excitements and goading interests, and the cool, unhurried life of nature knew him no more. He was glad to get

rid of it. It bored and tormented him. Yet, for Clara's sake, he tried to recall something of its former charm, and to seem, at least, to leave it with a slight regret.

She hardly noticed his omission. Overflowing with the thoughts which should also have filled his own mind—that here he had dropped the burden of his poverty and friendlessness, and taken up in their stead health and hope—she took his silence for feeling, and was content.

Their walk was a short one, as Clara would not deprive the mother of her son's society on this last evening; and the evening was a short one, as Francis had to start very early in the morning. Nearly all their talk was of business; and Clara, whose pretty brown hair covered considerable financial ability, took a very exact account of their several incomes, and arranged their plans accordingly, insisting peremptorily, however, that her aunt's travelling expenses should always be at her charge.

"You may buy your own dresses," she said. "I will not even give you a pair of gloves, if you wish me not to; but you are my mother, and all the reason why the money is not in your hands is because I want to save you trouble. It would annoy you, I am sure, to keep accounts, and I like to. I have a very plodding little head."

"You have a very clear and lovely little head," her aunt replied, kissing her. "And you are quite right in not leaving your accounts in my hands. I know nothing of accounts, and should be sure to make the most dreadful mistakes. I know nothing, indeed, of reasonable expenditures; I have always been extremely rich or extremely poor. I either used money as if it were the leaves of a forest, or had scarcely enough to buy bread."

She said truly. Until the civil war swept away her fortune, she had lived like a princess. She went from plantation to plantation, as the whim seized her, and everywhere a crowd of slaves awaited her. Cotton fields, rice fields, sugar-cane fields—she only glanced them over, and knew that they and all their dusky workers were hers. Gold came to her in bright yellow rolls, and she used it with careless profusion. Silver was common and clumsy. She looked upon it as others look upon copper. It was not thrown away. It went, she hardly knew how. She supposed that it might have gone for little things, and for charity.

Then came the terrible four years, like a four years' earthquake, and when she looked about her after it was over, she knew the land no more. She did not even know herself. She had scarcely ground enough to set her foot on; and those whose necks she might have walked on unquestioned, if she had willed so, were now free men and women, and no longer at her command. There had been times when she had put her hands to her head, and tried to waken herself, or to recall her senses. It

seemed impossible that, when she wished for anything, she should have to do more than ring a bell, or give a command to one of those black genii over whom she had the power of the lamp.

Then poverty, almost starvation and darkness; then a little letter full of sunshine; and, at length, rest and quiet, and, for the first time in her life, it seemed, happiness. In her younger arrogant days, when wealth and joy seemed her right, she had almost thought that sun and rain should be at her command. Her pride had been to her at times a crown of thorns; but the sweet uses of adversity had drawn out thorn after thorn, and placed in their stead the roses of contentment. All this her quick thought ran over as she made her reply to Clara.

Francis, who could not bear to think of the days of their poverty, frowned slightly at her words.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he said. "I wish never to recollect it."

Early the next morning he set out on his journey, and the two women were left to their planning and packing.

A very graceful note reached them from Mrs. M'Croud on one of these days. She apologized for not taking leave of them in person, but hoped to meet them in Europe, whither she was going immediately. Circumstances had hurried her departure; some friends whose company she was glad to have having secured a berth for her if she would be ready in a few days.

"I wonder she should take the pains to explain so much to us," Mrs. Percy remarked. "We have had no intimacy with her."

Her enthusiasm for the lady had diminished of late, she hardly knew why.

CHAPTER XV.—DESERTION.

A note came to Mrs. Percy from her son in a few days, telling of his safe arrival. Then a week passed without a word. At the end of the week a hasty line informed her mysteriously that he had had a very good offer, which he did not see how he could accept, as it would break up his plans with them. He concluded with a promise to write the next day more fully.

This letter filled the mother and Clara with astonishment and anxiety.

"I do not know what has come over Francis of late," Mrs. Percy said to Father O'Mara, who came to visit them that day. "He never kept anything from me a minute. Of course, I do not expect that it would always be so; but the change is very abrupt."

"Why do you not go at once to New York?" the priest asked. "There is no reason why you should wait here."

"Do you think it would be better?" Mrs. Percy asked, with a troubled face.

"Certainly. I advise you to set out immediately, and without giving him any notice. He ought not to make any engagement without your knowledge and full consent."

The two discussed the matter for some time: Clara standing a little apart, and saying nothing, except that whatever they decided on as best, that she would do. But as she listened to Father O'Mara, and observed his earnest and anxious manner, her face grew pale. He insisted that it was best they should go; and before he left it was arranged that they should stay but one day longer at the Point.

Clara followed the priest outside the door when he went away. She held in her hand a slip of paper on which she had been writing.

"It has occurred to me that it may be well to telegraph to my brother Edward," she said. "I have written a despatch. Will you have the kindness to read it, and give me your advice on the subject?"

She had written: "Go to New York and see what Francis proposes to do," adding his address.

"You want me to send this for you?" Father O'Mara asked, his eyes fixed on the paper.

"If you think it necessary," she replied tremulously.

"It might be as well," he said. "You must not be too anxious. Your brother will probably telegraph first, then find your cousin out if he should think best."

They did not say so, but it was tacitly understood that nothing should be said to Mrs. Percy of the telegram.

"I am glad I thought in season of Ned," Clara thought, as she went into the house again. "Ned will find him." And she felt comforted.

They passed an anxious night, hoping for news in the morning; but none came. All the day was spent in preparations for their journey. Their boxes were packed and sent into Canning, to await them at the station. They preferred to remain at the Point all night, though it would be necessary to go in town very early. The coachman who was to take them would come out, bringing the evening mail, and remain, that no accident should occur to make them too late in the morning. A second telegram was sent to Edward Danese informing him of their plans, and Father O'Mara was on the watch for a reply.

All this done, they had nothing left them but to wait.

Toward evening came Edward Danese's reply, dated in New York. "I will meet you at the station in New York."

"He says nothing of Francis!" the mother exclaimed. "What can it mean?"

Clara spoke soothingly. "Ned has, probably, only just

arrived, and had not time to see him. No news is good news. Besides, we may have a letter from Francis by the evening mail."

They walked up and down the green, listening for the sound of carriage-wheels beyond the pines. The weary waves that came up and threw themselves on the shore, and then fell back again, as if vainly seeking that rest and motionlessness which the fixed earth knew, irritated their ears. Even the sweet pine-song was almost an annoyance.

"Nature has no nerves," Mrs. Percy said, in a voice showing clearly that the same accusation could not be made against her. "Nothing is more stupid and insensible than a landscape when one has something else to think of."

Clara glanced about on that beloved scene, and though it truly almost jarred upon her at this moment, she did not like to say so.

"Nature has to please a great many people, and they all want different things," she said. "I don't like to find fault with this dear place at the hour of parting from it, when I never found fault with it before."

"Oh! I am not finding fault with this place in particular, but with nature in general," Mrs. Percy said. "Indeed, there are few places that would be so little annoying. Only, the sea never holds its tongue."

She listened a moment, then, hearing carriage-wheels, started eagerly in the direction of the pines to meet the messenger.

He, however, was not in such a hurry. He had a letter in his pocket to deliver, and he meant to deliver it faithfully when more important matters should have been attended to. It was necessary first that his horse, which had been working all the afternoon, should be comfortably stalled at a farm-house a few rods distant, and that the light carryall, which had been newly painted this summer, should be carefully dusted. Then, after a few words with his friends of the farm-house, he walked leisurely toward the pines.

"If he were my servant I'd have him whipped!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy passionately. "Does not the fellow know that we are anxious?"

"I wouldn't let him think that we are anxious," Clara said in a low voice, seeing the man appear. "He must not know that he has kept us waiting. Let us walk down the shore a little, so that he shall speak only with Martha."

Mrs. Percy recalled her dignity, and walked slowly away with her niece. "But I don't see what consequence his thoughts or opinions are," she complained. "I want a letter, and he has kept me waiting for it."

"Martha understands, and will bring it to us directly, if there is one," was the quiet reply.

In fact, after a moment Martha came down to the shore with a letter in her hand. But it was for Clara.

"What! none for me? No letter for me?" the mother cried out. "Oh! Clara, I am sure that something has happened."

Clara had opened her letter, and was reading it. At first she blushed deeply, then grew paler as she read. One would scarcely have expected to see such a stern expression on her face as that with which she finished reading.

"Francis has written to me, Aunt Marian," she said.

Mrs. Percy had been walking to and fro, wringing her hands, utterly indifferent to Clara's letter. She came to her quickly and eagerly, not daring to ask a question, but waiting to be told. It could be no good news that he had not written to his mother.

"Francis had an advantageous offer of a Paris correspondence, but they wanted their correspondent on the spot immediately, to replace one who has been taken ill. Another person offered, and the only way in which Francis could secure it was by going at once."

"Is that all?" Mrs. Percy exclaimed. "We are, fortunately, going to-morrow. We can take the first steamer, can we not, dear?"

"Francis has already gone, dear Aunt Marian. He posted this letter on his way to the steamer."

Mrs. Percy's countenance changed. She stood still and said nothing.

"Never mind!" Clara said hastily. "We can go without him. He is foolishly independent, and in a great fever to earn money. But this will help him at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, you know."

"Will you let me see the letter?" Mrs. Percy said, not looking at her niece. Her whole form, indeed, seemed drooping, like her head.

Clara silently gave it to her.

"Dear Clara," he wrote, "I beg you not to let my mother be distressed by what I am about to write you." Then followed his story, which she had already told. "I could not go away in such a manner if I did not know that both you and my mother are, and will be, well taken care of," he concluded, "and, also, if I did not expect to see you again in a very short time. I am sure you would not wish me to lose such an opportunity even for the pleasure of accompanying you across the ocean. Tell my mother that I shall look for her and you in Paris, and that I am sure the sweet daughter she has found will more than console her for the absence of her affectionate son, Francis."

When Mrs. Percy had read the letter, her face bowed over it long after she had taken in every word, and when she gave it back to Clara, her cheeks had kindled to a red as bright as fire. Anger and shame glowed in her, drying whatever tears of wounded feeling might otherwise have flowed at such a desertion.

"Clara," she said, in a voice trembling with passion, "I humbly ask your forgiveness for the coarse ingratitude of my son. I hardly recognise him. I would not have believed that a child of mine would have been guilty of such vulgar discourtesy."

"Oh! Aunt Marian," Clara began; but Mrs. Percy went on imperatively.

"Whether he earned money in this way or not, he should have been always at your hand to guard and serve you. His mother he leaves for another to take care of; but who is to take care of you? I am so utterly ashamed that I could almost wish to go away alone, and rid you for ever of any reminder of such contemptible conduct."

Before she had done speaking, Clara had thrown her arms about her and was caressing her, and protesting against her stern sentence.

"You take it too seriously, indeed you do, Aunt Marian! Francis has made a mistake, that I admit, and I am displeased with him; but, remember, he is so anxious to support himself, and begin his studies. As to serving me, the best way he can do that is by serving himself. We can get along quite well without him.

"It was actually the first service that he has had the opportunity to do you," the mother went on, as if she had not heard. "Before this he has merely received favours. But on a journey it is always pleasant, if not actually necessary, for a lady to have the aid and protection of a gentleman. He would have been most useful. Yet he runs away to pick up news for some editor or other, and leaves you to find cabmen, look after luggage, and buy tickets. I never felt so humiliated, so ashamed! He has been poor and, for a little while, dependent: but he has always been a gentleman till now."

It was in vain that Clara tried to comfort and reassure her aunt. The most that she could obtain from her was that the subject might be dropped.

While they were talking, Father O'Mara appeared again, having walked out from the town.

"I take for granted that you have received the telegram I sent," he said; "but I thought you might have more news to tell me. Besides, as my Mass is about the hour the train leaves, I shall not be able to go to the station in the morning."

Mrs. Percy gave him the letter they had just received, and he read it slowly through, dwelt on it a little, and gave it back to her. "You still keep to your plan of going to-morrow morning?" he asked her.

She glanced at Clara with an expression of alarm. It had not occurred to her that her niece might now wish to postpone, or even to give up, her journey.

"Oh! this will not change our plans in the least," Clara made

haste to say. "Besides, Francis will be looking for us in Paris very soon, and might be alarmed if we should not come. Whatever we might write, he would be sure to be uneasy. There is not the slightest reason why his having been obliged to precede us a week or two should make any difference in our going. Of course we are sorry that we could not have his company."

Both looked at her while she spoke: the priest with attention, the mother with gratitude. She was, evidently, defending the absent.

"I think that you are quite right," Father O'Mara remarked, when she had ended; but he looked troubled.

They talked a little, all somewhat constrained, and at length the priest rose as if to go. "I would like to say a word to you, Mrs. Percy, if Miss Danese will excuse us," he said.

He had made up his mind to warn the mother against Mrs. McCloud, and to tell her, not, indeed, the gossip of the town, but what he knew surely. Painful though it might be to her, it was better that she should know all.

The two went toward the house together, and Clara walked down the shore. Night was falling with a splendour of crowded stars that presaged a storm; and the ocean, stirred by a secret trouble, laboured in its beating waves like one who breathes hard with a suppressed passion that will presently break forth.

It was not a scene where one sensitive to nature's influences could cherish a resentment born of wounded pride. As she walked to and fro in that sublime solitude, Clara became aware of another ocean—the ocean of infinite compassion, that forever moans about us, and throws its brightening waves, like a veil, over the unsightly rocks of our nature.

Francis had done nothing so very dreadful after all, she thought. As he had written, he could not throw away a good opportunity even to have the pleasure of their society. She respected his wish to do all he could for himself; and if, in thinking unduly of his own affairs, to the exclusion of theirs, he had been unkind, and almost discourteous, why, he only did what men are constantly doing. One so often has to forgive men, even the best. The exceptions are like angels' visits. She had said to him many a time that she was a good traveller; that she had several times made little journeys alone; and he could not, therefore, think that it would be very difficult for her to cross the ocean in company with his mother.

But, perhaps, the strongest claim on her compassion was his mother's anger, and Father O'Mara's evident and strong disapprobation. If they were going to punish him, she might afford to stand by him. "Poor Francesco!" she murmured, and looked off over the ocean where now his ship was tossing.

A step came down from the house, and Father O'Mara's voice called her. She went to meet him immediately.

"Your aunt has retired to her room, and does not wish to be disturbed to-night," he said. "She is feeling rather cast down, and I wouldn't say anything to her about Francis, if I were you. Are you not taking cold here?"

"Possibly. I shall go in at once. I hope, Father O'Mara, that you have reasoned with Aunt Marian on the subject; for Francis is not, really, so much to blame."

"Mrs. Percy knows her ground," he replied rather evasively. "You can trust to her doing right in the matter. A mother's authority is not lightly to be despised. Good-bye. I wish you a pleasant journey, and every happiness. If sometimes you would say a word of prayer for me at those sacred shrines which my steps may never reach, I should be grateful."

"I would like so much to write to you once in a while," she said suddenly, pleased with the thought. "You need not answer if you do not find it convenient. When I see any place that would be very precious to a Catholic, I will write some little thing about it which I think might interest you, or send you some memento, if it be only a flower. I have a great fondness for marking places and times with flowers."

He thanked her. "But there is one flower that I hope you may gather for yourself in some one of those sacred places," he said: "the flower of Faith!"

A moment later he was gone, Martha, who had been waiting at the door while he talked with Clara, lighting him through the woodpath to the road. When she came back, with her lamp casting fantastic lights and shadows among the trees, Clara was shut into her chamber.

On entering the house she had caught a glimpse through the upper window of her aunt writing, and she correctly surmised that she might be writing a letter to Francis to mail as soon as they should have arrived in New York.

"Aunt Marian is sure to write severely," she thought. "I will write just a line to send at the same time."

She went softly into her father's room, which Francis had occupied, and seated herself at the writing-table there. A large blotting-book lay where Francis had left it. She had meant to carry this away with her, but had forgotten to pack it. Now, before rolling it up, she wrote a tiny note, which she hoped might come to him like a drop of oil on the bitter wave of his mother's displeasure.

"Dear Francis, I am going to scold you severely when I see you; but till then I am your affectionate cousin, Clara."

Sealing her note then, she rolled the blotting-book up to carry away in her hand, and went back to her own room to kneel and pray for the living and the dead, and, first of all, for the ocean-wanderer, whom at that moment the waves were tossing on their broad bosom.

CHAPTER XVI.—TWO LETTERS.

CLARA was shocked by the change she saw in her aunt's face the next morning ; but, remembering Father O'Mara's injunction, she affected not to observe it. Besides, there was something in Mrs. Percy's manner that repelled questioning and remark, or even a too great tacit sympathy. She was extremely pale, and her eyes showed that she had not slept ; but she busied herself with an air of cheerfulness about their last preparations, talked quite brightly, and, on setting out, even gathered a few flowers "to keep as souvenirs of their seaside paradise," she said.

Seeing her so self-reliant, Clara took comfort. The trouble that is shut up and covered deep must die, unless it be of a nature to consume the heart that hides it. Clara did not know that Mrs. Percy, instead of being merely vexed and mortified, was suffering the agonies of a mother who believes her son to be utterly and shamefully ruined.

The morning was overclouded ; all the gay-coloured landscape looking like a pageant on which a great sorrow has fallen.

"It must be preparing for the equinoctial," Clara said, determined to find comfort in everything. "How much better we shall feel to have it safe over before going on to the ocean. I rather like to have rain when I am in the cars ; it is so much pleasanter than sun and dust."

The driver came to tell them that the carriage was waiting for them in the road. They snatched their little travelling-bags, gave a last look at the place they were leaving a solitude, and hurried out through the pines.

Clara's eyes were full of tears. The last time she had left this place her father was by her side, and they were, apparently, bidding it farewell for only a few months. Yet she remembered now how he had stopped at the edge of the pines, and looked back. She saw again his earnest eyes, too solemn for tears, his white hair, and the firmly-closed mouth that not only preserved its own silence, but seemed to impose silence on those about him. Those lips were firmer than the hand, which again she seemed to feel trembling on her arm.

"I wonder if he thought that he should, perhaps, never see the place again !" she asked herself, and, with the thought, turned once more to look back. Perhaps she also might never return.

A wave ran up and threw its white spray over the farthest rock, a puff of wind caught an elm tree in the centre of the Point, and shook all its golden leaves down at once. The place seemed to discrown itself in losing sight of her.

"My dear, we have no time to lose," she heard her aunt say.

The wind came in fitful puffs as they drove into the town, and increased when they had entered the train ; and while they

rolled swiftly through the open country, it was tearing the leaves from the forest, and pelting the car windows with them in a manner that set all the passengers talking of storms and accidents, and made the engine-driver look out sharply for fallen trees.

"We shall not have the line-gale after all," Clara said to her aunt. "The wind has come before the rain."

And, in fact, the first fall of rain quenched the wind as if it had been a flame; and when, toward evening, they arrived in New York, the clouds were parting softly over the orange-coloured west.

Edward Danese was standing on the platform when they arrived, and, rather to Clara's surprise, Mrs. Percy hurried forward to meet him alone, and whispered something to him before his sister reached them.

"Don't say a word about Francis before Clara, and before you have spoken privately with me," she had said.

Edward looked anxiously at his sister, whose cheerful smile reassured him.

"Well," he said, the first moment he found an opportunity to speak a word to her aside, "what are you going to do?"

"Take the first steamer we can get a good saloon in," she replied. "You know I am a good traveller, Ned. I shall not mind it at all. Did you see him? I suppose not."

"He had already gone on board the steamer," her brother replied, looking away, mindful of Mrs. Percy's warning.

Clara had always been too frank and frankly treated in all her intercourse with her brother to suspect that anything was concealed in his reply. Besides, she had also her private recommendation to make.

"Dear Ned," she whispered, her hand on his arm, and her fresh cheek touching his shoulder, "don't mention Frank's escapade in any disagreeable way to Mr. Fronset, please. He has made a foolish mistake, of course; but he meant well."

The brother was greatly disturbed by this charge, which revealed only too much of the actual relative situation of the three persons concerned. But it was impossible to say more then. They all entered a carriage together, and drove to a hotel, where, suspecting that Mrs. Percy wished to speak privately with her brother, Clara left the two together.

"Tell me everything that you know!" the lady exclaimed, the moment they were alone. "I am his mother, and nothing must be kept from me!"

"Dear Aunt Marian, I will keep nothing from you; but you must know that I am myself in the dark," Mr. Danese said gently. "Ask me anything you like; but please also to explain."

"Have you seen him?" she asked.

She was yet standing, and had not even laid down her travelling-bag.

"I saw him from the wharf just as the steamer left. I came to New York at once, when I received the first telegram from Clara telling me to come and find out what Francis' plans were. He had already left his hotel for the steamer when I reached there. I hurried to the wharf, and reached it only in time to see the steamer leave. Francis was on the deck, and saw me."

The mother listened breathlessly. "He saw you!" she exclaimed. "How did he look? Who was with him? Did he salute you?"

"I must confess, Aunt Marian, that he not only did not salute me, but that he drew hastily back when he saw me. There was a lady beside him whose face I thought was familiar to me. I went afterward and read the list of passengers in the office of the steamer, and found there the name of Mrs. McCloud, of Canning. I own to you that I was sorry to see it."

Mrs. Percy walked up and down the room a moment before speaking, to control her agitation, then came back, and sank into a seat.

"If you are sorry, Edward, what must I be?" she said. "This has all come upon me within twenty-four hours. I suspected nothing before. Of course, Francis has a respectable excuse for going." And she told him the story of the correspondence.

Edward Danese listened attentively. "Perhaps it is not so bad after all," he said hopefully. "If this story be true, he has only been in too great a hurry to do the right thing, that is all. Don't suspect too much. I will see the editor right away, and find out."

Mrs. Percy drew from her pocket the letter she had written the evening before. "Take this," she said, "and if he was really obliged to go, or lose a good position, don't mail it. Bring it back to me. If he was not obliged to, mail the letter at once. There is no time to lose. I have written him here what I know, and commanded him to break off at once all intercourse and acquaintance with that woman. Don't mention the subject to me again. Your giving, or not giving, me the letter will be answer enough."

He knew too well the torments of anxiety which she must suffer to delay a moment in finding out the truth, or to talk unnecessarily to her. As he went out, however, he met with another anxious waiter. Clara stood on the landing, she, also, with a letter in her hand, and with a private message.

"Now, Ned, you are to listen attentively to me, and not say a word unless you wish to. I suspect that Aunt Marian has given, or will give, you a letter to mail for Francis, and I also suspect that she will be a little more severe with him than is quite necessary. Don't say a word. I put this letter into your pocket"—suiting the action to the word—"and I do not wish to know whether you mail it or not. If Aunt Marian's letter goes, this

must go. If not, I would rather this should not go. It would be like giving medicine to a person who is not sick. Now run along, my dear boy, and come back the quicker."

She pressed his hand, and was about going, when he stopped her.

"Clara, why are you so particular that Fronset should know nothing of this?" he asked.

"Because he seemed to like, and think highly of, Francis, and I do not wish that he should be displeased with him," she replied at once. "They are different, yet both good; only I fancy that Mr. Fronset's goodness is a little severe."

"Fronset is a noble, kind man!" her brother said warmly. "I have known him to act very beautifully toward people who had done wrong. I should be far better pleased if you did not take Frank's part against him."

"Oh! I wouldn't for anything be against Mr. Fronset," Clara exclaimed. "I esteem him as much as you do—just as much, and *no more*," she added significantly.

He understood her, and sighed. "Well, everyone must choose for himself," he said, "even if he choose foolishly."

He turned away, and went down the stairs, deeply troubled. The thought that his sister might have more than a cousinly interest in this young scapegrace was terrible to him; yet he knew no way to prevent it. It is no more foolish for a woman to be taken by the personal graces of a handsome young man than for a man to become infatuated with a mere pretty girl, he said to himself; and in either case, opposition only fans the flame. All that he could do was to warn Mrs. Percy that Clara should not be deceived, and that he determined to do. He knew Clara too well to doubt that she would, knowingly, make any misstep.

An hour or two later he returned to the hotel.

"Where have you been all this time?" his sister exclaimed, when he entered their private sitting-room.

"I had a call to make," he replied, going to warm his hands at the fire. "Then, I had some letters to post. Lastly, I had to smoke a soothing cigar. Have you any more questions to ask, young woman?"

"Nothing more," she replied quietly.

Mrs. Percy sat by a window, looking into the street, and twisting the curtain cord between her white finger and thumb. She turned her face toward the two, and smiled at them. Her head was raised, her cheeks and eyes bright: she looked brilliant and beautiful.

"I hope you children are not quarrelling," she said in a slow, sweet voice.

"You see, aunt, Ned does not approve of women asking too many questions," the sister said; and, taking her brother's hands as she spoke, she began rubbing and warming them in her own. She knew that when he was nervous his hands became cold.

"Women find so many problems in their lives!" Mrs. Percy said in the same gentle way, that was yet not gentle, but rather like a mimic snow that no fire can melt. "We cannot help asking sometimes."

CHAPTER XVII.—ON THE OCEAN.

WHAT is more imposing than a deep sorrow proudly and silently borne! Edward Danese, who remembered his aunt as a very beautiful woman, much admired in society, thought her more admirable than ever, at the same time that he found her more unapproachable. He had ventured to say a word to her on Clara's account, but she quickly understood and interrupted him.

"Do not fear that I shall allow your sister to be sacrificed, Edward," she said. "I have written to Francis not to venture to present himself to her while there is the least stain upon him, and that I shall keep her in ignorance of his disgrace only so long as he himself never forgets it. Do you think that he has learned his baseness from me?" The glance she flashed at him with this question would have been too haughty if it had not been half quenched in tears.

He kissed her hand, with a murmured exclamation.

"You know I am my sister's only protector," he said.

The conversation left both dissatisfied. Edward Danese would not say that he feared his sister might need the safeguard of so revolting a knowledge to prevent her becoming too much attached to her cousin, yet that was his thought; and Mrs. Percy was suffering the painful mortification of this first intimation of what she perfectly well knew, that an alliance with her son would be looked on as a misfortune, and, perhaps, be strenuously opposed.

Yet each respected the other, and, though dissatisfied, was not angry.

Francis Percy had not ventured to engage positively the places for his mother and Clara, seeing a possibility that, on being left without an escort, they might change their plans, but he secured their passage conditionally. They succeeded in effecting an exchange with some persons who preferred to go later, and sailed in less than a week after their arrival in New York.

"Why did you not let me know!" Mr. Fronset exclaimed, when he saw Edward Danese, and learned where he had been. "I shall certainly go to Europe later, and I could have hurried in order to accompany them."

"I thought that you might conclude it would be better to wait awhile, and not go so soon," the other replied quietly, not looking at his friend.

"You think I had better wait till they will be glad to see me?" Mr. Fronset asked hastily.

They were walking across Boston Common together, and at this question Edward Danese put his hand in his companion's arm with an affectionate pressure. "It sounds hard, but that is about the idea," he said.

There was a moment of silence between them; then Mr. Fronset said, in the tone of one who had considered a subject, and arrived at a decision, "Very well; of course, you understand that I don't want to make a fool of myself."

They entered the public gardens, and walked slowly, still arm-in-arm, past the flower-beds, bright with autumn colour. The water of the pond was like one of those mirrors we see in European palaces, painted almost to the centre with vines, flowers, cupids and birds. They leaned over and added their two human faces to the picture.

At that moment, far away on the bosom of the Atlantic, two women were standing side by side and looking down into the water. But what a different wave from that glassy painted one under the golden sky of their far-away native city! The anxiously-expected equinoctial storm, which they had tried to avoid, had waited for them, and for three days they had been confined to their berths, except when they had been thrown out of them by the violent motion of the steamer. It was still cloudy and blowing, but they had come up to breathe the pure air, and exercise their cramped bodies.

"How I love the sea air!" Clara exclaimed, drawing her lungs full of it.

The aunt smiled faintly into her rosy face, bright with the fine chill of the October sea. "They say that May flowers always do," she replied.

"It strengthens one so, mind and body!" the girl went on. "I really think that a sea voyage is the best possible cure for melancholy and worry. One turns green and yellow with bile and hypochondria; then one dives into the salt wave, and comes up as clear as a pearl. We have been sick, now we are well. We have had a nice little fright, and are the better for it."

"Well, yes," Mrs. Percy owned. "One needs a variety of impressions, I suppose, as one needs a variety of food: and even fright may have its uses. You look healthy, hardy, and glad after it."

"I wish I could say as much for you, aunt," Clara replied, looking serious. "The storm has really broken you down very much."

"I have never before felt such a storm," the aunt said, thinking of another storm than that which had been raging over their heads during the past three days.

The passengers gathered on deck, more or less miserable, the greater number of them: but with two or three among them of those intrepid souls whom one usually finds in a steamer—a

sailor's wife, who sat tranquilly sowing, and telling tales of storms on many a sea, and perils to which that they had past was a thing to laugh at ; a fashionable lady, who crossed the ocean as she went from her city to her town house, and who went to Paris to do her shopping whenever the fall openings in America did not suit her ; and a strong-minded young woman, going over for the first time, who would have perished sooner than own that she had been in the least discomposed.

They all examined each other furtively, made those little skirmishing advances with which people usually try the desirableness of a new acquaintance, and their own acceptability in such circumstances, and finally allow themselves to be mutually pleased, or at least, tolerant.

There was but one opinion among all concerning Miss Danese. She pleased everyone, and herself most of all. Her natural inclination to look at the bright side of everything, long tempered by her father's more mournful views, had become an infective joyousness ; and wherever she took her place on deck or in saloon after that first day's appearance, there was the centre round which the company gathered.

When, at length, they arrived in Liverpool, there was not one who did not feel regret at parting with her, or a hope to meet her again.

"Now, what have you concluded upon, aunt?" Clara asked, as they flew swiftly over the road to London. "I still insist that you shall decide."

"Since you insist, my dear, I would say, let us go directly on to Paris."

"It is better so," was the immediate response. "We will save England for the summer."

Without a stop, then, they went on to Paris.

How the mother's heart beat as they entered the station ! She longed, yet dreaded to see her son. He would have already received her letter. Would he dare to come to meet them ? or would he dare to remain away, and let them come unwelcomed and unaided into a strange city ? She did not know which would be harder for him to do.

He was not among these who were waiting for friends, and her searching glances did not catch a glimpse of him anywhere. By the sinking in her heart she knew that she had hoped he would come.

They went to their hotel. Clara, disappointed, but hopeful, sent their names at once to their banker, and to the register office.

She did not like to say anything to her aunt, but she fully expected Francis that evening.

The evening came and went, and there was no sign of him.

(To be continued.)

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND POETRY AS INTERPRETERS OF NATURE.

"As regards knowledge, physical science is polar. In one sense it knows, or is destined to know, everything. In another sense it knows nothing."—PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

ONE of the great questions of the hour is the strange tendency of recent scientific speculation. The wonderful progress of physical science during the present century has, in some respects, given an undue importance to that branch of knowledge, so that the supernatural is almost entirely ignored by scientific men. It must be clear to most thoughtful minds that the highest and most sacred interests of society are imperilled by the rash propaganda of certain writers on biology and kindred sciences. The true province of scientific inquiry seems to be forgotten; and the most absurd doctrines are diffused by eccentric "philosophers," and accepted by credulous, half-educated persons, regarding the infallibility of human reason and the self-created divinity of Nature. The evil wrought by such teachings can only be rightly appreciated when we find those supernatural landmarks, which are at once the basis and the safeguard of society, entirely destroyed. These so-called "advanced thinkers" seem to imagine that all knowledge lies within their own limited sphere, and apparently do not perceive that their conception of Nature is as unlovely as it is illogical. It assumes that a law may exist without a lawgiver, and that life, thought and sensation may arise spontaneously from dead matter. It must be confessed, that they appear to be partly conscious themselves of the meanness of their hypothesis; for one of the most eminent amongst them, after vainly endeavouring to trace the connection between *matter* and *consciousness*, says, that if we are content to make the soul "a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws," he, for one, would not object to such an exercise of ideality. In thus delegating the office of dealing with the spiritual world to the poet, does not our scientific enthusiast tacitly admit the failure of physical science to grapple successfully with the great problems of life and destiny, or to explain the mysterious agency by which the universe is governed? Surely, he must perceive that there is nothing in what he calls "Nature" but a series of phenomena, and that a mere inspection of the material world does not give him the faintest clue to the mystery of creation? However, instead of honestly confessing that the problem is insoluble, he denies the great fundamental beliefs on which all knowledge must ultimately rest, and, instead of an in-

telligent First Cause, gives us a self-developed organism. The tendency towards excessive analysis, which shows itself in all modern thought, but especially in biological researches, prevents most men of science from forming an enlarged conception of the universe. In reality, many of our so-called "sciences" now-a-days are merely fact-collections, out of which it is impossible to frame a legitimate synthesis. The great majority of scientific men seem to be little better than collectors of curiosities; and the brilliant few who attempt to generalize can scarcely be much blamed, perhaps, if the hypotheses they attempt to construct out of isolated and heterogeneous fact-heaps be sometimes wild and untenable.

Indeed, we may regard the "evolution theory," which has startled so many ingenuous minds, as a kind of reaction against the prosaic lethargy of some old-fashioned men of science, who were too timid to broach a new doctrine, and too cold to give any scope to the imagination. Yet, while the snail's-pace method of these "tories in science" (as Professor Tyndall aptly calls them), who would altogether discard imagination, must be reprehended, we cannot look without dismay on the dizzy flights of those scientific aeronauts who, abandoning the path of patient research, have lost themselves in the misty atmosphere of doubt. When we compare the patience, forbearance and moderation of the greatest scientific men that ever lived with the arrogance, irreverence and self-sufficiency of some of our latter-day materialists, we can scarcely help feeling that, in this age, genius has almost entirely lost its humility. Newton, with sublime simplicity, compared himself to a little child gathering shells upon the seashore and gazing with wonder on the vast ocean of knowledge that lay before him. Kepler, after having discovered the laws of planetary motion, said that all he had been able to do was to read a few of the thoughts of God. Descartes, that puissant and daring spirit, who soared into the loftiest heights of metaphysical speculation, and grappled with the most intricate problems of positive science, acknowledged his own impotence when he had touched on soundless mysteries, and never took advantage of the popular ignorance of scientific method to confound blind conjecture with logical certainty. In one of his greatest works, after having poured out with exhaustless fertility his explanations of the properties of various forms of matter, he confesses that the moral world is still an enigma, and naively observes, "But it is impossible to explain everything."

The innovating spirit of modern science, however, knows no such reverence for fundamental principles. Not only the existence and attributes of the Deity, but even the received truths as to number and space have been questioned with all the audacity of scepticism. We have hitherto been accustomed to hear of the absolute certainty of mathematical science; but we now find a

distinguished scientific lecturer declaring that the axioms of Euclid may be only "approximately true," and that (under certain conditions as regards space and continuity) not only would parallel straight lines meet, but intersecting straight lines would ultimately, a second time, intersect—which seems to mean, in plain English, that the two ends of a straight line, if you only make it long enough, will come together. Furthermore, we are told that we may, at length, form an adequate conception of the universe from the fact, that "the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles." "If," says our scientific lecturer, "you were to start in any direction whatever, and move in that direction in a perfect straight line, according to the definition of Leibnitz, after travelling a most prodigious distance, to which the parallactic unit, 200,000 times the diameter of the earth's orbit, would be only a few steps, you would arrive at—this place. Only if you had started upward you could arrive from below."* Thus science, if it can only obtain the materials for building its new Tower of Babel, may soon reach the stars. Indeed, strange as it may appear, at first sight, it is no exaggeration to say that some eminent professors have rendered "exact science" more unreal than the wildest fiction.

Nor are the errors of modern scientific speculation redeemed by any splendour of conception; for, as an able writer in the *Fortnightly Review*,† two years ago, pointed out, a great portion of modern hypothesis is as useless as a conundrum, more unsubstantial than dreams, and more unlovely than commonplace fact.

What, then, is Nature in the hands of those self-complacent scientific theorists? Some blind inherent force pervading all creation, for whose existence no adequate cause can be assigned, and which, acting upon the molecules that fill all space, produce all the phenomena of the universe. Man himself, we are informed, is produced in much the same way as a cabbage, the only difference being, that the process is a little more complicated; and, inasmuch as all the energy inherent in plants and animals is of solar origin, we must conclude, with Professor Tyndall, that "all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakspeare, Newton and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun."‡ An ordinary logician might, perhaps, fairly criticise this theory by saying that there is no more power in the sun of itself to generate or conserve that kind of energy which we call "life," than there is in a steam-engine to produce steam without the intervention of some external agency. However, it is a mere waste of time and words to dispute about the accuracy

* See, in *Nature*, April 12th, 1877, a paper read before the London Mathematical Society.

† J. H. Bridges on "Evolution and Positivism," June, 1877.

‡ Professor Tyndall on "The Uses and Limits of the Imagination in Science."

of such propositions. In reality, "Evolution" disproves none of our fundamental beliefs, and is just as unreliable a mode of explaining the origin of things as the atom of Epicurus or the monad of Thales. It is idle to discuss a mere gratuitous hypothesis, which derives its interest mainly from its audacity, and whose logical basis appears to be as weak as the old idea, that the world rests on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. Even though the "evolutionists" may show us that every living organic thing that now appears in nature once emanated from one solitary germ of life, the recognition of a Creative Power would be as necessary to explain the origin of that one primary germ as to explain the existence of the world itself. We lack all proof that dead, inorganic matter can be converted into living matter, save through the agency of pre-existing life, and this pre-existing life is impossible without a Creator.*

One is irresistibly led to suppose that these chimerical dreams of modern science owe their existence more to the love of sensation than to a genuine thirst after knowledge. They are not the outgrowth of intellectual sincerity, but rather excrescences which have grown upon an unhealthy and, perhaps, decaying civilization; and the only real service that they can ever do for mankind is to show us the folly of which the human mind is capable, even in its highest development, when unrestrained by common sense or authority.

This narrow and mechanical conception of Nature, which has been the *ignis fatuus* of modern science, has never been received with much favour or sympathy by poetic minds. The spiritual instincts which find expression in imaginative art recoil at the monstrous notion, that the soul of man is a mere abstract idea, which has no actual existence. It has been well observed by a recent writer,† that "to ascertain and communicate facts is the object of science," while the function of art is "to quicken our lives into a higher consciousness." If the human mind were to be always surrounded by the cold atmosphere of science, our emotional nature would soon become torpid, and faith—which is animated and sustained by the soul's faculty of vision—would soon become obliterated. A mere scientific culture must necessarily be one-sided, and, therefore, false. We feel that there is something within us higher than reason, though, prisoned as the spirit is within its corporeal dungeon, its aspirations find only a broken and imperfect utterance in human language. One of the artistic channels through which the spirit gives utterance to these yearnings is poetry. I am aware that some persons refuse to see in poetry anything more than a collection of wild fancies and un-

* *Vide* a Lecture on "The Dawn of Animal Life," by Professor W. C. Williamson, F.R.S. London and Glasgow: W. Collins, Sons & Co.

† Professor Dowden: "Studies in Literature."

substantial dreams. But this is a narrow and vulgar conception of the sphere within which the poet's mind may range. Poetry consists of "apparent pictures of unapparent realities." The poet is he who incarnates, in beautiful forms, the *noumenal* rather than the *phenomenal*—in other words, his function is to realize the invisible, and to show us that there is a world of unimaginable loveliness outside the limited region compassed by our senses. Of the poet alone, perhaps, can it be truly said, that "he can look upon the face of God, and live;" and, therefore, a materialistic poet is an absolute impossibility. It is obvious to most thoughtful minds that there is an intimate connection between poetry and philosophy. If we regard the philosopher merely as an intellectual machine for the manufacture of systems, of course it would be incorrect to call any poet a philosopher. But, if truth may be revealed, not only in the shape of dry disquisitions, but crystallized in living forms and movements—if the analysis of character and the delineation of human life and passion in an imaginative form be an interesting and ennobling study—it is mere pedantry to deny that the poet is one of our highest spiritual teachers, and one of our best guides along the path of true philosophy. That intuitive sense of a Divine Presence within and around us, which shows itself in the poet's passionate yearning after the Infinite, and in his ceaseless endeavour to shadow forth immortal forms of beauty—even without any revelation or any dogmatic creed—would repel the negations of scientific materialism. When Professor Tyndall makes the soul "a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws," he unwittingly foregoes the claim of physical science to be the sole interpreter of Nature.

Before Christianity was promulgated, man's spiritual nature asserted itself in the creations of Greek art and the noble ideals of Greek philosophy. And far better would it be for the human race that we should revert to the old mythology, with its "reverence for the gods" and "hopes that overstepp'd the grave," than that society should be ruled by intellectual atheism, and by a godless system of ethics. The greatest poets have always been not only worshippers of the Beautiful but upholders of the Divine Government of the world. Even those poets who appear, at first sight, to be the advocates of unbelief, have instinctively sought to escape from the earthy contact of matter by supposing a soul to permeate the material universe. Thus Lucretius—the poetic champion of the atomic philosophy—believed in a living force, which he calls the soul of the world (*anima mundi*); and, amongst modern poets, we find Shelley (who was branded during his life as an atheist) imaging the earth as instinct with blind energy and love before the dawn of man's intelligence.

It would not be difficult to show that the spirit which animates the great epics of ancient and modern times is essentially

religious. The Homeric mythology appears to be little more than an idealization of the forces of Nature, which are all supposed to be governed by a Divine Principle. We find the Olympian deities, in some cases, divested of all the grosser and earthlier attributes of humanity. Thus the character of Iris (as Mr. Gladstone points out) is an embodiment of the most spiritual and beautiful human qualities wholly separated from the more material elements. The same sense of an overruling Providence, which sways the destinies both of men and of nations, may be seen in the "Æneid" of Virgil; and where can we find a deeper sympathy with the subtlest operations of Nature, combined with a profound reverence for the Divine Power that rules the world, than in the "Georgics" of the same poet? The great Italian epics—the "Divine Comedy" of Dante and the "Gerusalemme" of Tasso—give us, in a poetic form, the two most salient aspects of mediæval faith. In the first, we have a vivid and beautiful picture of the eternal woe that attends on evil, and the infinite joy which is the fruit of virtue. In the other, we find the chivalry and heroism of true faith depicted in the most exquisite poetry. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the great aim of "Paradise Lost" was, in the poet's own words, to

" Assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

Dramatic poetry, too, in its highest forms, always treats of the spiritual world as an unquestionable fact. The tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides nearly all deal, directly or indirectly, with the great problem of human destiny, which is always regarded by these poets as dependent on supernatural forces. Shakspeare has endeavoured to shadow forth the connection between the natural and the supernatural, in "The Tempest." The magic art of Prospero seems to be the result of spiritual insight acting on the forces of nature. In the character of Ariel the poet gives us an etherealized human being (strangely akin to the Homeric Iris); in that of Caliban he shows us the degradation of a creature whose humanity has been lowered to mere fellowship with the brute. Whatever theory we may form regarding the witches in "Macbeth" and the ghost in "Hamlet," it is evident that Shakspeare believed in superhuman powers which directly influence man's life and destiny. In Hamlet's celebrated rebuke to Horatio for his incredulity, the poet seems to embody his own conviction that it is utterly vain for man either to deny or to analyse the mysterious. He seems to feel that human knowledge, after all, embraces only the commonplace phenomena of life and nature, and that the most imperial intellect must acknowledge its impotence to solve all the mysteries of the universe.

Goethe, who possessed the scientific faculty in almost as high

a degree as the poetic, has, in "Faust," endeavoured to analyse, in a dramatic form, the phenomena of passion and temptation, and to unravel the mystery of evil.

Perhaps no modern poet has read Nature more deeply or lovingly than Wordsworth, who seems to feel the Divine Presence even in "the common things that round us lie." To many persons, indeed, Wordsworth's philosophy appears to be meaningless. They feel inclined to charge him with affectation, when he declares that to *him*

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

and they seem to regard it as utterly irrational to say that

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

The reason of this apathy regarding the things for which the poet expresses such love, is because few persons look upon the material objects around them in a truly religious spirit.

The universe is not dead matter set in motion and regulated by mere mechanical laws. There is an active principle in Nature, which is the source of all its vital functions. *Without God*—the source of all life and beauty—matter is mere chaos, for then there would be no directing intelligence in Nature. What physical science calls "law," is only the uniform expression of the Divine Will. Even Pope—a poet of weak sensibility and limited imaginative power—grasped this grand idea:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Coleridge shadows forth the same notion in a more mystical fashion:—

"And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought as o'er them sweep,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each and God of all?"

Thus to the poet Nature is truly "a parable."* The vulgar mind regards all natural objects with contempt or indifference; it wonders at nothing which is not novel or grotesque. But to the

* "Nature is a parable."—Dr. Newman. *Apologia*, c. I.

intuitive spirit of the poet all the beauty of the external world is suggestive of the Infinite Power that produced it: everything that the Divine Hand has touched bears upon it the impress of Divinity. Looking thus upon Nature with a deep sense of reverence and love, Wordsworth only described his actual sensations when he spoke of

"That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In spirit, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Indeed, the poet never lost this feeling of religious awe in the presence of Nature. He tells us in the poem from which I have quoted, that though he has ceased to feel that sensuous delight in cataract and mountain, wood and stream, which animates the heart of youth, he does not repine at the change. Experience has brought sadness, but not hardness or cynicism. A higher ideal has been attained:

"For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To soften or subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of animating thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the heart of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

The poet thus teaches us a nobler lesson than the scientific investigator. The universe and the soul of man were not created merely to be "examined, pondered, searched, probed, vexed and criticised." Knowledge must be sought with reverence and humility, and should never be regarded merely as

"A mirror that reflects
To proud self-love its own intelligence."

The scientific intellect does not seem to realize that it must necessarily move within a limited sphere. A knowledge of the laws of matter does not qualify a man to speak with authority on the nature of the human mind, the growth and decline of civiliza-

tions, the relations of time and eternity, and all those solemn and mysterious problems which have baffled philosophy. It is simply absurd for a man who has been all his life blowing up gases or classifying beetles to assume that he is qualified to discuss the nature of the soul and of the future life. The late Sir William Hamilton, in one of his essays on "Philosophy and Literature," endeavours to show that an exclusive devotion to positive science tends to narrow the mind and incapacitate it for the sublimer inquiries into the moral and intellectual nature of man. He says that there are two classes of mathematicians, one of which would believe nothing on earth below or heaven above that could not be measured by compasses or solved by an equation, whilst the other made an arbitrary distinction between things provable and things not provable, and denied that there could be any science of mind or any theology because those sciences dealt with immaterial entities, which cannot be seen through a microscope. This may appear a harsh estimate of the votaries of exact science; but, when we see so many rash attempts on the part of the most eminent amongst them to destroy the faith to which we owe all that is truly noble in modern civilization, are we not forced to regard this scientific or pseudo-scientific spirit as narrow, overbearing and irreverent? Mr. Tennyson, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the scientific narrowness of the age:—

"The man of science himself is fonder of glory and vain,
An eye well practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor."

This, indeed, is the shallower side of those men who have devoted themselves exclusively to a study of the material world: they cannot sympathize with anything outside the region of their own inquiries; and from this very intellectual selfishness has arisen the absurd assumption that there is no absolute truth outside the region of physical science. The vain attempt to trace a causal connection between molecular motion and consciousness would never have been made, if modern science had confined itself within proper limits. Baffled in his repeated efforts to solve this great problem, Professor Tyndall declares that, in one sense, physical science knows nothing, since it can tell us nothing as to "the origin or destiny of Nature." It would seem that, by trying to materialize everything, the man of science has darkened his own mental vision. The spirit illumines the mind as light illumines the earth; and the scientific intellect, having eliminated the idea of a spiritual world, now finds itself blindly groping in the dark. Not until reason acknowledges its own impotence to grasp the Infinite, and allows the light of faith to illumine and guide it in its search after knowledge, can it claim to be an unerring test of truth.

The poet has told us that "true knowledge leads to love," and

has shown us that the best lessons we can learn from Nature are reverence for the Omnipotent Creator of the universe and a true sense of our own moral responsibility. It was never meant—

“ That we should pry far off, yet be unraised,
That we should pore and dwindle as we pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless,
And still dividing and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while littleness
May yet become more little ; waging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls.”

We must not search after truth “with an insolent and cold avarice of knowledge,” but with patience, humility and love. Whatever be her material triumphs, science can never speak to us as a moral guide, or enlarge the sphere of true philosophy, until her votaries look on Nature as the mere handiwork of God. When all material progress is made subservient to moral purposes, and when faith and love are recognised as higher than reason, scientific inquiry may emerge from the chaos in which it is now plunged. Not by the vain phantom of a “Kingdom of Man,”* destined to outshine the splendours of Heaven, must the scientific enthusiast stimulate his fellow-men. Let him gather together with patience and care the scattered fragments of human knowledge. Let him value each newly-discovered fact as a precious boon, and never rush from certitude to blind conjecture. If he finds that, after years of incessant mental toil, he has not mastered all the secrets of Nature, let him learn from this the incompleteness of all human achievements and the littleness of intellectual pride. If the workings of his own spirit are still to him a dark enigma, let him not be discouraged, but rather see here a presentiment of the soul's glorious destiny. A living poet has beautifully said :—

“ All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not in semblance but itself ; no beauty nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth but each exists for the melodist,
When Eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that seemed too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the hard :
Enough that He heard it once ; we shall hear it by-and-by.”

It is by this sublime certainty of faith that all human endeavour is spiritualized and ennobled. In the midst of doubt and fear and baffled effort we feel that Death alone can uplift the veil that hides Eternity from mortal eyes. The greatest intellect and

* “Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the Kingdom of Man is at hand.”—PROFESSOR CLIFFORD in the *Nineteenth Century*.

the loftiest imagination fail to penetrate the cloud of mystery that surrounds human life on every side. Poet and philosopher alike must be mute in the presence of the Inscrutable, and bow down before the Supreme Intelligence that framed the universe, and can destroy it by a mere volition.

D. F. H.

TEMPTATIONS.

Saint Catherine of Sienna, having been tempted, asked Our Lord where He was that He did not succour her; and Our Lord tells her that all the time He was nestling in her heart.

Where wast Thou, Lord, my Lover true,
When doubt o'er me its mantle threw,
When Satan shot the fiery dart
With subtle knowledge at my heart?

Thou once didst calm the raging sea
When Thy Disciples called on Thee:
Why didst Thou not, dear Lord, control
The tempest towering round my soul?

He surely is asleep, I said,
And buried low my aching head.
Tell me, O Strength of tempted men,
Tell me, my Spouse, where wast Thou then?

Thus answered He, the Undefiled:
Lo, I was near to thee, my child;
I nestled in thy very heart,
To strengthen thee and take thy part."

I heard with joy thy whispered No
To every proffer of the foe;
I told thy tears, and they shall shine
Within thy crown with light divine.

Temptation is a gift of God:
A rod, perhaps, but still a rod
That buds—a fruitful stem that yields
Fair lilies for the eternal fields.

WILFRID MEYNELL

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER XX.—RELEASED.

BURNET had lain in the Tower for more than two months in utter seclusion. Visitors were strictly forbidden to have access to him; debarred from all intercourse with the outer world, and seeing no one day by day but the gaoler, he seemed immured in a living tomb.

The excitement attendant upon his escape had subsided; and the Lieutenant having dismissed the unfortunate Jennings, who expected nothing less than life-long imprisonment for his involuntary share in the matter, appeared satisfied with regaining his prisoner, and troubled himself no more about him.

To guard against the possibility of another attempt, the Jesuit was confined in the inner part of the fortress, and deprived of all the little indulgences he had formerly enjoyed. No more walks upon the ramparts; not even so much as a glimpse of the Tower green, nor of the almost equally melancholy patch of garden ground attached to the Lieutenant's lodging, where some poor flowers, surrounded by a thin belt of stunted shrubs, led a miserable existence, pining for something more invigorating than the heavy air of a prison.

His new gaoler was not unkind; but he had an air of constraint that attracted Burnet's notice, and somewhat amused him. He never remained in the cell a moment longer than was necessary; brought in the food in silence, and gave short, unwilling answers to any remark that the priest ventured to make. He refused absolutely to procure books for the prisoner; and the bare mention of writing materials appeared to terrify him, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. He seemed perpetually haunted by the apprehension that the Jesuit would elude his vigilance, and be spirited out of his charge in some mysterious and magical way.

"Why will you not speak to me?" one day inquired the priest. "I am chained hand and foot, and could not do you any harm. You seem to fear me."

"To say the truth, sir, I am afraid to listen to you," said Whiston, with dogged reluctance. "If I did, I might be easily tempted to forget my duty. I know you have some powerful friends outside, and I am a poor man. My situation here is all my living,

and I should forfeit that and my liberty, too, perhaps, if I let you escape, as Jennings did."

The fears of the man seemed unaffected ; and although Burnet eagerly welcomed his occasional visits, which afforded a little relief from the dull monotony of his confinement, he did not attempt to engage him in conversation again.

The approach of Gower's trial, however, served to remind the Privy Council of the existence of his brother priest ; and their suddenly awakened sense of responsibility induced them to issue stringent orders to the Lieutenant to institute enquiries into his recent escape ; grave doubts of the fidelity of the Tower officials being at the same time forcibly expressed. It was plain that Burnet must have had some assistance ; the rope left suspended from the roof of his prison was evidence of that ; and to elicit the truth, the Lieutenant was empowered to apply the usual torture, if no other means would serve his purpose.

Burnet found an opportunity after his recapture to send a message to Lord Aston, warning him on no account to venture within the Tower for the present ; and it was fortunate that he did so, for the peer was deeply implicated in the escape, for the promotion of which he had supplied Pouch with all the necessary means, and would not have failed to arouse the suspicion of the Lieutenant by a display of intimacy with the prisoner, and thus have brought severe consequences upon himself.

Nothing daunted by failure, Lord Aston sought an interview with the king, to whom he detailed very feelingly the hardships that the offender had already undergone ; and offered to carry the obnoxious Jesuit beyond seas, and bind himself in heavy penalties to prevent him from re-entering the kingdom : but arguments and entreaties were alike fruitless.

During the early part of his reign, James had displayed great antipathy towards Catholics : the result probably of his education ; but after the death of Cecil, the prejudices which that wily minister had carefully fostered, softened down so considerably that the attempts of his son, the Prince of Wales, to gain the hand of the Infanta of Spain met with his warm encouragement ; and upon the failure of that match, he entered into negotiations himself for the hand of another Catholic princess, Henrietta of France, who subsequently became Queen of England. And had he been free to gratify his own wishes, it is more than probable that he would have accorded to his persecuted Catholic subjects a very considerable measure of toleration.

In what esteem he held his useful minister, whom he detested, and to whose sinister counsels he attributed the judicial murder of the hapless Queen of Scots, may be judged by the contemptuous remark he made upon hearing of Cecil's death :—"Our ears will now be rid of lying tales."

His strong aversion to the shedding of blood, had many times

prevailed to commute the sentence of death into that of banishment ; and the number of expatriated priests in his reign contrasts favourably with the number executed.

To Lord Aston's appeal he lent a willing and gracious ear ; but he was just then engaged in one of his periodical contests with his unruly Commons, who in their desire to limit his prerogative, had dared to question his right to pardon criminals ; and as his coffers needed replenishing, he was not disposed altogether to break with the powerful body who held his purse-strings in their inexorable grasp.

With profuse apologies for his inability to interfere, he dismissed Lord Aston ; hinting, however, that Cecil might be able to assist him.

But from the Secretary he obtained hardly bare civility. The priests had given considerable trouble recently. The clemency of the king in condemning them to simple banishment had been grossly abused ; and with evident annoyance, Salisbury reminded Lord Aston that they still persisted in returning hither, and continuing their illegal practices, as if determined to brave the law to the uttermost, by endeavouring to withdraw his majesty's subjects from their allegiance. It had been consequently determined that some examples should be made ; and the Secretary remarked significantly that the person for whom Lord Aston pleaded, could regain his liberty if he chose. His life was in his own hands.

All that Lord Aston was able to extract from the minister was a warrant giving him access to Burnet ; and armed with this, he betook himself once more to the Tower.

He found the cell empty ; and the gaoler, with apparent embarrassment, informed him that Burnet was then undergoing an examination.

"What a miserable place to spend one's days in!" said Lord Aston, looking round at the massive walls and the mean, scanty furniture. "Yet, I doubt if the condition of a prisoner is much worse than your own. Your present office can be none so pleasant. But you are doubtless well paid."

The man said he had but ten pounds a-year, and but for the prisoners' fees, and other little matters, he would scarce be able to live at all. It was a thankless occupation.

"Allow me then to pay my fee," said the peer, drawing a piece of gold from his purse. "Although I shall expect you to connive at my escape by-and-by. Prisoners give you the slip now and then—eh, friend?"

Whiston shuffled, and looked awkward ; such a matter was no subject for jesting.

"Now, supposing that your prisoner had a mind to escape—there, sit still," he said, laying his hand on the man's wrist, and speaking in an undertone : "wait till I have finished. It would be an easy matter for a gaoler to walk out of the place if he chose

with his prisoner: not that I ask you to do anything of the kind. But there is a snug cottage on my estate that wants a tenant, and I reserve it for a man who would be willing to do me a small service. A cottage rent free, and sufficient means to maintain him for life, would tempt some gaolers to let a prisoner go scot-free, would it not?"

The man plucked nervously at his beard, but made no reply.

"Well, just think it over," continued Lord Aston. "You know me, and that I am able to redeem my promise. My place is a hundred good miles away, and once there you would be perfectly secure. I did not forget Jennings, although he had nothing to do with Master Burnet's escape; and whoever shows a disposition to assist my poor friend, shall not go unrewarded I promise you."

He had not time to say more, for voices were heard outside; and the gaoler, as if glad of the interruption, flung open the door.

There was a scuffling noise in the corridor, and as Lord Aston rose in surprise, he met on the threshold two men who were supporting the almost inanimate form of Burnet.

"You may kill me if you will," said the Jesuit faintly, as they laid him on his wretched pallet; "but I will answer none of your questions."

The gaoler hurriedly fetched some cordial and poured it into the sufferer's mouth, and then bathed his head with water, while Lord Aston stood by, mute and indignant.

"He will be better presently," said Whiston, as some signs of animation became visible in the wasted, haggard countenance of the priest. "This is the fourth time they have put him on the rack."

"What hideous cruelty!" muttered the peer, seating himself beside the couch. "The State religion must be in sore straits, when it seeks to make converts in this fashion."

And in his own mind he could not help feeling a little annoyed that the priest, and those who shared his opinions, would persist in clinging to an obsolete, and decidedly unfashionable religion—he did not care to inquire whether it were true or false—which was clearly at variance with the laws by which all citizens were bound.

"Can nothing be done for you, Burnet?" he asked, as the Jesuit, looking up with a smile, tried to return his friendly pressure. "Is there no way of avoiding this terrible suffering?"

Burnet slightly shook his head.

"Nothing, good and true friend," he said feebly. "The end cannot be far off."

"But could you not make some trifling concession: some promise that would satisfy them?" urged the peer. "I saw Lord Salisbury to-day, and although he hardly condescended to give me fair words, he hinted that you might make your peace with the king if you were willing."

"By denying my faith," said Burnet. "But we are no cheats or lying impostors; we cannot barter our hope of future reward for a few years of life or comfort. What we believe—that we preach; and if it be false, then there is nothing true on earth. We suffer here, it is true; but how miserable and wretched would be our condition, if we had not a sure and certain hope of reward hereafter!"

Lord Aston was puzzled. To meet the foe, hand to hand and steel to steel, in defence of homes and altars, for country and for king, was intelligible enough to the old soldier; but to waste the best years of one's life in the vain attempt to bring back the nation to a faith it had forsworn and proscribed; to live an object of ridicule and hatred; to die the felon's death: what could compensate for all this? And Lord Aston, gazing sorrowfully at the hapless Jesuit, could find no satisfactory answer to his query.

He reverted presently to the offer he had made the gaoler. It had some prospect of success; and as he was about to quit London shortly, there would be little probability of his share in the transaction being discovered.

"I have surely had enough of escapes for the present," said Burnet. "And if I were disposed to make another attempt, my condition forbids it. Do not waste your kindness upon me, dear Lord Aston. If you are bent upon getting a Jesuit out of prison, there is one who is well-known to you now lying in the Clink, whom you would, I think, be glad to serve. The name by which he is known is Paul Gower."

Lord Aston was slowly making his way through the crowded streets near the Tower, feeling much disheartened by Burnet's rejection of his plan, when someone at his side addressed him, and looking round, he was much gratified to find that the speaker was Pouch. Grasping his hand cordially, he related what he had just witnessed.

"And the poor priest is alone!" said Pouch. "I would I might be permitted to attend him."

"And why not?" ejaculated the peer, sharply. "I will try Master Secretary again; not that I have much hope that he will consent: he has little feeling for the sufferings of others. But see me to-morrow. I will do what I can."

Burnet had been so weakened by repeated racking, that the surgeon feared for his life, and urgently advised that a short respite from his sufferings should be granted. No one seemed to care overmuch whether the Jesuit lived or died; but the anxiety of the Lieutenant not to deprive the gallows of a prospective victim, induced him to submit to the surgeon's advice, and the torture was consequently suspended for a few days.

Thanks to the assiduous care of Pouch, who was not, however, allowed to pass the night in the Tower, Burnet seemed to recover a little, although the close, confined air of his cell, which the Lieu-

tenant declined to allow him to quit, even for a single hour, gave little hope of his restoration to health.

On day Pouch ventured to hint at the escape suggested by Lord Aston.

"Do not speak of it," said Burnet. "I shall escape in time, doubtless; but it will be by the way common to most of us. I grow weaker day by day. When does Father Gower's trial take place?"

"Next week," said Pouch. "He is lodged in Newgate at present. That is a bad sign; the worst in fact."

"He will not say so: the martyr's crown will soon be his. Yet, I have an inward presentiment that we shall not be long apart. Has he any desire to live, I wonder?"

"All men have," said Pouch. "I have heard it said that the last moments ever seem the most precious; and I can well believe it."

"Yes," said the priest thoughtfully, "we part with life unwillingly, however dark and cheerless it may be. As its days grow few, we cling to it the more fondly; not entirely out of fear of death, but because we are about to exchange certainty for uncertainty. We know what this life is: its hopes and joys; its trials and pain. But standing on the brink of the dark river, and seeking to penetrate the cloud that overhangs it, what can we know, save by our weak and wavering faith, of the opposite shore; and whether a welcome or a doom awaits us there? And our courage may well be tried when judgment is so near. Yet, the severity of the judge obscures but momentarily, and can never hide entirely from our sight the gracious, loving face of the Saviour."

Pouch was silent; and the Jesuit, gazing upward through the prison bars at the thin strip of bright blue sky, flecked with silvery cloud, was carried miles upon miles away. The material prison was as nought: his soul was free.

It is precisely those objects that are all but unattainable, and farthest from our grasp, which excite our keenest desires. Men perishing of unquenchable thirst in the burning sands of the desert, straightway dream of fountains and streams of cooling waters flowing beneath the shade of palm tree groves; the beggar's visions are of untold wealth; the captive's, ever of freedom.

In the Tower at that moment a man sat writing busily. Not the history of a city, nor even of an empire: nothing less than a "*History of the World*" could satisfy the mental cravings and boundless aspirations of Walter Raleigh. Yet the only world he had known for seventeen long, weary years was a dingy cell, and a strip of garden ground wherein he was permitted to take the air.

So, too, had Sir Thomas More, impoverished and disgraced, and lying beneath the very shadow of the axe, written of another world which existed only in his bright fancy: a world wherein suffering and crime were strangers, and all was happiness and content.

The priest's thoughts took wing. He was at home again amid the Welsh mountains. In a broad, deep valley stood his father's farm: a smiling homestead with fragrant honeysuckle trailing over the rustic porch; stackyards beyond, where grain was piled in mighty heaps, and barns with the horseshoe—charm against the powers of darkness—nailed conspicuously above the door. At a respectful distance the cottages of the farming men and their families appeared: a flourishing community, proud of the stalwart, handsome yeoman who called the place his own, and which his race had held from sire to son for many a generation. How often, too, had that little shaggy Welsh pony carried the lighthearted boy, at the head of a throng of peasants, armed with hedgestakes and forks, in quest of the wolf that had worried the flocks the night before, or the subtle fox that had fluttered the henroost, and left half its occupants torn and bleeding!

In the river that flowed peacefully through the meadows he had laid his nets for fish, or bathed in its translucent waters. All was tranquil solitude. To the boy's fervid imagination, the view of hill and dale, of meadow and woodland, seemed boundless, until it blended with the distant line of mountains, whose summits seemed to touch the clouds.

It was in the early days of the persecution, and the lonely spot was to all appearance forgotten by the champions of the new faith. Many a time had he witnessed the household and farm servants assembled in the spacious hall, while the priest, upon an improvised altar, offered the Holy Sacrifice.

It gave him a sharp and sudden pang to recall the ruin that came upon his home, when the ruthless orders of the commissioner were carried out by rough, savage men, who took possession of the recusant's house and goods in the name of the Queen, and for the sake of the religion she had established.

In the course of a few months, we are told, four hundred families were driven out upon the world by this zealous commissioner. He was Bishop of Hereford, besides, and may have believed that he was doing God a service.

Then came a wretched, weary time of wandering; of hastening from place to place, and hiding themselves from their persecutors, until his father, broken-hearted, but staunch and unswerving to the last, lay down to die. The boy and his mother were alone in the world, accepting with gratitude the alms and shelter of those they once had fed.

Exhausted by suffering and terror, and sick unto death, the woman bethought herself that far away in a Catholic land there lived one of her kin, a priest, in voluntary exile for conscience' sake, and with her last breath she commended her child to the care of a kindly stranger, who, sharing her faith and pitying her sufferings, accepted the charge, and gently closed her eyes.

And after many years, this bread cast upon the waters came

back again to the land that had given it birth, scattering its seed abroad, too often in stony places, and crushed persistently beneath the iron heel of persecution; but ever guarded and cherished by the watchful Sower, and destined to bring forth abundant fruit in days yet to come.

The prison was not devoid of its consolations, stolen though they were. Pouch contrived to smuggle into the cell a book or two, and one by one the articles necessary for the celebration of Mass; and more than once the Jesuit, worn down with pain, had, like the martyrs of primitive days, said Mass while prostrate on his couch, using his breast for the altar, and with hands that trembled so that Pouch was fain to hold them fast between his own, lest the chalice should slip from the Jesuit's feeble grasp.

Then came more torturing. He was again stretched upon the rack, and the questions were repeated with the former result. He fainted several times during the first day, and being brought back to his cell in a state of insensibility, remained for the greater part of the night in so profound a stupor that the compassionate gaoler who watched beside him thought that he would never awaken again.

On the morning following the trial of his friend, Lord Aston was at the Tower almost as soon as Pouch. He found Burnet's faithful servant alone in the cell, for the Jesuit had again been carried to the rack, although unable to stand.

The peer was greatly distressed. His knowledge of Burnet had gone far to soften the prejudice with which he regarded the Popish creed—a very good one, perhaps, for foreigners, but unsuited to English tastes and habits. He had seen for himself the miserable injustice wreaked upon these unhappy creatures; and while he could not help sympathizing with them, and respecting their courage, he had almost, in spite of his own convictions, felt disposed to question the right of the law to brand Papists with rebellion and treason; and further, to consider seriously whether it were not, after all, quite possible for a man to be a good subject and yet refuse to accept the religion provided for him by the State.

And now to discover at the foot of the gallows a dear friend, lost to him for many years, in the person of a Jesuit: a name associated in his simple mind with all that was disloyal and dangerous, and that was held in fear and abhorrence by all his countrymen! It did seem rather hard.

"They will murder him before he yields," he said dejectedly. "And after all, who will credit him with suffering for his religion? The law calls him traitor, and everyone takes up the same cry. The hangman is at his elbow, waiting only the judge's nod to dismember him, and set his head on Temple Bar besides poor Frank Vaughan's."

"Whose?" said Pouch, with a sudden start.

The peer, with evident pain, recounted his friend's story. He had visited Vaughan the preceding night, received his final instructions, looked upon his face for the last time, and taken a solemn farewell.

"Francis Vaughan!" repeated Pouch, turning aside in the vain endeavour to control his feelings. "I was a tenant of his down there in Yorkshire in times of old. I brought his child to you—that same Hilda Vaughan whom you have adopted; carried her a babe almost from Gilbert Laugton's dismantled roof, when he and his children were sent to prison. I have met him here in London, and many a time when his face and voice, that seemed so strangely familiar to me, awoke some buried memory of the past, I failed to recognise him. Fool that I was! And he suffers on Monday, you say? Please God, I shall see him then."

Their conversation was interrupted by the gaoler, who entered excitedly. An accident had happened, he said, to Master Burnet. One of the ropes that bound his wrists to the rack had given way, and the sudden jerk had caused the attendant to tighten the other by a turn of the wheel. Burnet's exhausted frame sank under the strain; the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and fearing that they had killed him, the men hastily carried him back to his cell.

The surgeon followed closely at their heels; and after directing them to put wet cloths on the sufferer's head and chest, turned on his heel, muttering indifferently:

"He is a dead man!"

The light waned, the stars came out one by one, gleaming palely through the prison bars. Beside the Jesuit's couch, listening fearfully to his laboured breathing, that grew fainter and fainter every moment, knelt Pouch. Lord Aston had bribed the gaoler to let him pass the night in the dungeon, and the man, alarmed by the profound silence that reigned within, softly opened the door and looked in.

The prisoner seemed to sleep peacefully—his slumber, although the gaoler knew it not, was deep and painless: a slumber that knew no waking, save in the regions where sorrow and suffering enter not, and the weary are at rest.

Within a stone's throw of the Tower, in a densely-populated district, where railways, docks and warehouses, and England's royal mint denote the affluence with which the city teems—a district also comprising as much misery, squalor and crime as can well be confined within its area—there rises a stately church, incomplete as yet, dedicated to the English Martyrs, not in a spirit of vain-glory, still less of resentment towards those whose unfounded prejudice enacted the penal laws, but to honour those priests and people who, under sore discouragement, strove manfully in the thickest of the conflict; who with unflinching courage and heroic endurance bore witness to truths that came from God,

and which He, having once planted in our midst, has never suffered wholly to be taken from us.

And if that church serve no other purpose than to rebuke our lukewarmness, and quicken our flagging zeal; if it teach us no higher or more enduring lesson than to esteem more highly the privileges that we enjoy so freely, but that were denied to our fathers for many a long, bitter year, the Martyrs whose names it perpetuates will not have suffered and died in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.—TYBURN.

"You may leave the prison if you will: there is none to hinder you. It will be too late a few hours hence. Why hesitate? Life is still sweet; is it not? You do not hanker after the distinction the gibbet confers?"

"I am at a loss to understand your motive for making such an offer. If it be for gain, I have nothing to give you: I am penniless."

"I seek no reward; least of all from you. Decide quickly. I am in charge only for an hour or two, and the chief warden may return at any moment."

The speakers were Father Gower and Rookesby; the place, a dimly-lighted cell in the strong gaol of Newgate. The door stood partly open, and from the corridor beyond there flowed in the hot, pestiferous air, laden with the oaths and curses of the occupants of the common prison below. It was Sunday evening; and the hour was drawing very near indeed for the last scene of all. Many visitors had come and gone that day; the sufferer for conscience' sake had held quite a grand reception. He was alone now with the strangest visitor of all.

"You may well distrust me," said Rookesby, "after what has passed. But I speak in good faith; and should you be retaken, they cannot add much to your punishment."

"I do not distrust you," said the priest. "I would I knew what moves you at this moment. Is it regret—repentance? Oh! Rookesby, if a ray of grace have touched your heart at last, quench it not. Retrieve the past; it cannot be long before you, too, will be summoned to judgment, and all eternity will be too short to enable you to regain one lost opportunity of making your peace with Heaven!"

Rookesby laughed bitterly.

"Do you know what I am, and how I have lived for years? Let me remind you, if you have forgotten it. There is hardly a priest who has found his way to banishment or to the gallows during the last four years in this accursed city, but has added something to the black debt I owe yonder;" he pointed upwards as he spoke. "I have gained my living—a wretched one it has

been, God knows!—by ensnaring and betraying to the law all who have trusted me: yourself among the number, Francis Vaughan; but your death will lie heaviest of all upon my soul, when Satan takes me home.”

“You may have sinned deeply: I am not your accuser. But see how little God asks of you in return for pardon; one act of sincere contrition—a penitent confession——”

“I came not here to talk of myself,” interposed Rookesby impatiently. “Think you that I have had no opportunity within these twenty years for repentance? I know all you would say to me: be it therefore unsaid. Let a man strive to the uttermost to blot the terrors of death and judgment from his mind, it is hopeless for one reared as I was, in the faith for which you suffer, to forget utterly the truths that faith ever teaches. I believe, ay, and tremble too, like the lost spirits; but as I have lived, so shall I die. Enough of me. Take your liberty and life, while there is yet time.”

“No, Rookesby,” said the priest, calmly. “Your unhappy condition forbids me to relinquish the faint hope that your despairing words inspire. I will not avail myself of your offer. You know me, it appears; have some desire, although I am ignorant of the cause, to do me a kindness at possible risk to yourself. But if Heaven vouchsafe me the consolation in my last hours of reclaiming an erring brother, will it not be a source of gratitude to each of us, that you, like St. Paul, betrayed your brethren to death?”

“I have read the story somewhat differently,” said Rookesby, with a sneer. “Saul was the persecutor, if my memory serve me in such matters, and not the Apostle Paul.”

Long and earnestly did the priest strive with his companion. Now and then he thought he detected some faint glimmering of compunction in the saddened countenance of the spy; some slight trace of emotions long since dead, but called into momentary existence by his words; but it passed away almost as suddenly as it came, and all was blank and hardened as before.

Rookesby listened in silence, and when the priest paused and cast an appealing glance upon him, he turned away and sought the door.

He stood there irresolutely for a moment, gazing vacantly down the corridor, and then returned to the priest's side.

“You were puzzled just now,” he said, “to account for my knowledge of you. Look at me: try to carry back your thoughts to an early friend, a hunted recusant, as you were in those days, when we were young and ardent, and unbowed by persecution.”

His face was haggard and careworn, and deeply furrowed; his sunken eyes were feeble and lustreless; his hair that had once been fair, was grizzled and scanty; and he had a lowering, side-long expression unpleasant to behold, that had become habitual

to him, and that contrasted curiously with the bold, well-defined features that must have been handsome when the prematurely aged man was in his prime.

The priest looked at him intently, and doubtfully shook his head.

"Years of misery, of sin and shame, have blotted out the traces of what I was once. Yet you should have recognised me. It is strange! I knew you from the first, but could not recall your name. I thought that Francis Vaughan had perished years ago. You suffered, too, in those days; but had you undergone my trials, our positions might have been reversed, and instead of being the wretched apostate you now behold, I, too, might have retained my innocence and my faith. It took them years to crush me. I was strong and proud; but they were stronger still, and struck at me through my dear ones, my—my wife and children. Oh, God! where are they now?"

His voice shook, and he clenched his hands passionately with a gesture of mute despair.

"Am I to blame for what I have done: for being what I am?" he went on defiantly, but quailing, notwithstanding, before the calm, pitying eye of the priest. "My home was taken from me piecemeal. I gave the robbers what they demanded, so they might only let me live. My endurance but increased their exactions, stimulated their rapacity, and when they had taken all, I was bidden to prison. My wife! ah, I can see her pale, suffering face still; that grew thinner and paler day by day, while her loving heart was slowly breaking at her separation from all she loved. And I was powerless: I who would gladly have died for their dear sakes! She sickened in the vile air of the dungeon, and the vile companionship of outcasts, devoid of the commonest feelings of humanity. She died in my arms; they suffered me to witness her last pangs, thinking it would shake my resolution; died blessing me and praying for our little ones. My children were sent I know not whither, to learn to curse their unhappy parents, and blaspheme their religion. I have never seen them since; all my efforts to discover their retreat were fruitless. Still I was firm and unyielding. When at large, and enjoying the wretched pittance the exactions of my persecutors had left me, I took the oath of allegiance; shared their false worship: but in prison I would do none of these things. I had no humility, I was not resigned; on the contrary, I gloried in my defiance of their inhuman laws; taunted them to do their worst. But they found a way to break me in at last. They chained me to a block in the castle-yard, and day and night for months I sat there, in cold and heat, in rain and snow, shelterless, and all but starved until I submitted.* I did not recover the use of my limbs for a long time after my release. Then

* A literal fact, with this difference, that the sufferer was a priest.

I became their creature, body and soul—their spy, the treacherous betrayer of ancient friends and brother sufferers. There is a limit to all endurance. I had reached mine. All—all was lost to me : my wife, my children, my faith, my very soul !”

“I know you now,” said the priest softly, taking the other’s unresisting hand. “Unhappy man ! Yet you speak truly ; such might have been my fate, had God not dealt more gently with me. But, oh, Gilbert Laughton, because you have fallen, do you therefore despair ? You cannot undo the past ; but He who came to call sinners and not the just to repentance, has waited for, and watched over you during all your wanderings —”

“It may be so,” interposed Rookesby. “My story is a common one in these cruel times. But breathe not my name again. It is dead, like all else that I once owned. Trouble yourself no more for me. I came hither to do you a service : a poor one, I fear, but the last that is in my power. I could not see you die unjustly without making this effort to save you.”

“You will not heed me then,” said the priest mournfully.

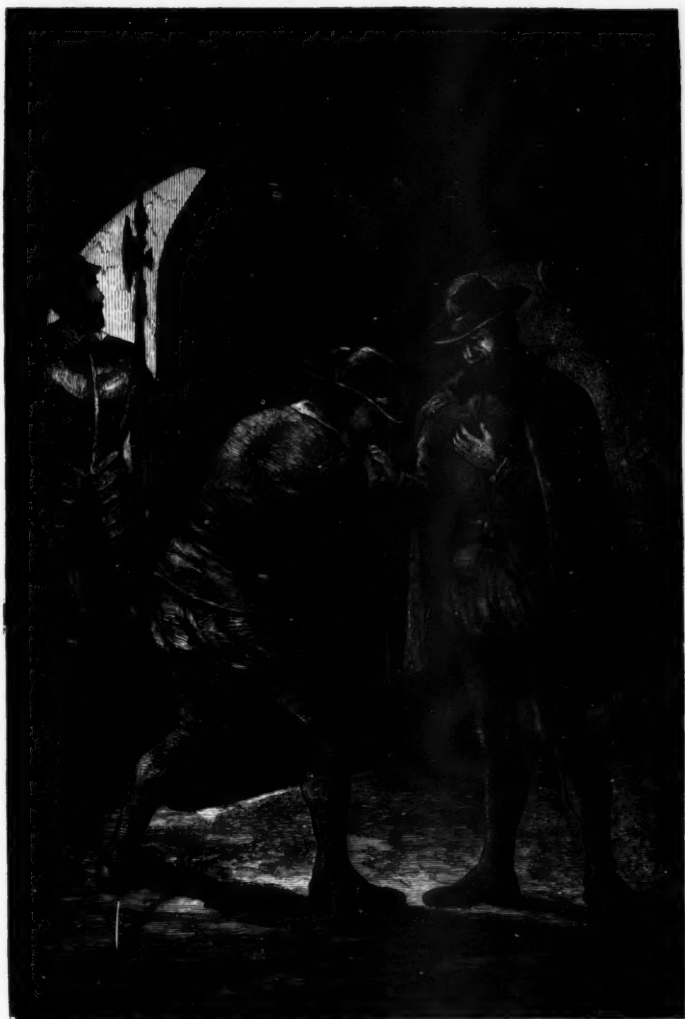
“Hark ! what is that ?” said Rookesby, starting up. “The chief warder has returned ; I hear his voice. The time is past then, and I am useless now. But before we part, I would crave your pardon for the share I have in your death ; nay, do not speak,” he continued checking the priest, “let forgiveness come only from your heart ; remember me in your prayers, if you can mingle with them a name so hateful and sin-stained as mine. I think that is all,” he went on drearily. “Nay, do not look at me with such pitiful tenderness, it unmans me. I could bear your curses better. You have wrung from me the first complaint my lips have uttered for twenty years : and I *have* suffered ; great God in Heaven, thou knowest how bitterly !” He clasped his hands in uncontrollable anguish. “I say not that I do not repent, nor that my soul is not filled with unavailing remorse. The remembrance of what we were both once forces itself upon my heart. You have triumphed in your sufferings, while mine have crushed my soul to the lowest depths of hell !”

He pressed the Jesuit’s hand to his hot, dry lips with a passionate affection, strangely at variance with his rough speech, and, as if afraid to trust himself further, rushed hurriedly from the cell.

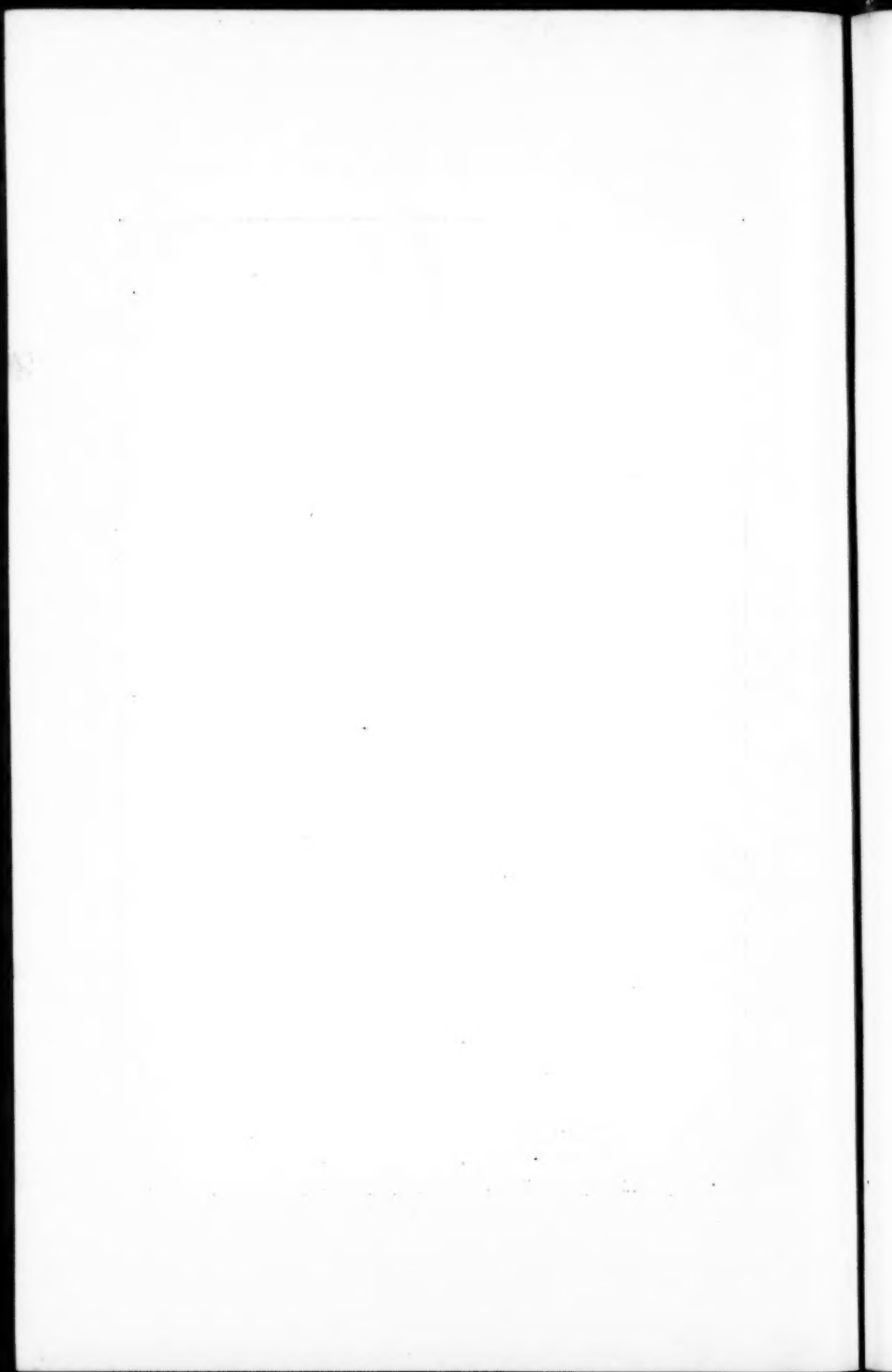
The priest heard him lock and bar the door ; and when the echoes of his footsteps along the corridor had died away, and all again was silent, he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

It was not for himself he prayed, albeit eternity’s threshold was but a step from him ; nor for his child : but for a lost, despairing soul that grovelled in the mire ; upon whom Heaven’s wrath lay heavy, but whom Heaven’s pitying hand perchance might reach.

Amid a busy, jostling throng, and under a strong guard, the



"He pressed the Jesuit's hand to his hot, dry lips."—*High Treason*, page 120.



procession, marshalled by the sheriffs, set forth at early dawn upon the road to Tyburn.

His car was a rough hurdle, upon which he lay, securely bound ; and, unmindful of its painful jolting and of the fervid exhortations of the minister who walked beside him, endeavouring, in a shrill voice that was audible above the surrounding din, to convince him of the soul-destroying errors of Popery, the priest, step by step, neared the spot whereon he was to expiate his treason.

In the open space at the foot of the gallows stood the executioner, with his arms bared, waiting to complete his hideous task ; and beside him were ranged in grim order the dread paraphernalia of his craft : the butcher's knife ; the board for the disembowelling and quartering ; a huge cauldron, steaming above a crackling fire, wherein the dismembered portions of the traitor's body must be parboiled before they were suffered to ornament the city gates.

Unmoved by the sickening show, the priest composedly ascended the ladder, and standing in the cart, over which dangled the fatal rope, gazed calmly upon the multitude below.

The air was bright and balmy ; trees and hedgerows glistening with the morning dew emitted their sweet fragrance ; beyond the confines of the crowd, cattle were grazing peacefully in the verdant meadows ; and high amid the clouds the joyous song of the lark came fitfully and sweet upon his ear. Never had nature seemed to wear so tranquil and inviting an aspect in his eyes as when he looked upon it for the last time.

Far away, on the outermost edge of the crowd, there stood a man, bareheaded ; his features painfully convulsed. He had followed at a distance, and cowering behind a tree, as though he feared the accusing eye of the priest, lingered there, spellbound.

The priest was speaking ; but although the sound of his voice did not reach the lonely watcher, he could see the lips move, and the pale, bright face, radiant with earnest faith, in which the terrors of death reflected not themselves.

With a cry of agony, he saw the rope adjusted about the martyr's neck, and heartsick, and stricken with overwhelming remorse, he turned away.

A low, hushed murmur, a short, quick gasp that sounded like a groan, burst forth unrestrainedly from the assembled throng, and he knew that one who had endured to the end stood at last before his judge.

Go thy way, poor spy ! Who shall say that Heaven's mercy is too narrow to embrace even thee, and that pitying angels may not rejoice over thy repentance, although it come to thee at the eleventh hour !

* * * * *

Many eventful years had passed away. England had at

length ceased to shed Popish blood ; she had undergone a revolution ; a Catholic king, the last of the Stuarts, whose religion subsequently cost him his crown, sat upon the throne. Recusants emerged timidly from their obscurity, and basked for a brief time in the sunlight of royal favour.

The old lord, stricken in years, had long since been gathered to his fathers. His end was peaceful ; and not the less so for the presence by his bedside of one Sir John Coniers, who brought with him a stranger, whom rumour identified as the "little man with the red beard," better known in Yorkshire and thereabouts as Father Richard Holtby, once provincial of the Society of Jesus.

Master Mandrill, too, had made an exceeding good end, leaving to his numerous progeny the well-earned fruits of a busy, eventful life. He had lived for the world ; fattened upon the misery and sufferings of others ; and, undisturbed by his victims' groans, and satisfied with having done his duty to his country, his family, and to himself, he slept beneath a gorgeous tomb, surmounted by his recumbent effigy handsomely carved in marble, and glorified to all posterity by a lengthy inscription, setting forth his titles, his virtues, and his manifold services to the State.

What eventually became of another equally deserving hunter of priests, worthy Timothy Cuffe, we know not. He may have been hanged, or died in gaol ; but in all probability he followed his vocation to the last, and found a pauper's grave.

Mention is made of one George Reynolds, who died abroad some years after the martyrdom of the Jesuit, a lay brother in the Order which he had so well and faithfully served.

In a convent chapel at Bruges there knelt a tall and stately lady, with unwrinkled front and dark, unfathomable eyes. She had long ago reached the three score years and ten, the assigned limit of human life ; and among the names of those she had known in the days of her youth, none was more frequently on her lips than that of a Jesuit, of whose execution she had heard, and who, it was hinted, had been of her kin. Among the treasures that little chapel contained, was one that had especial value in her eyes : a cloth soaked with blood, enshrined in a massive casket—the sole relic that remained of her martyred parent.

If it had been permitted to that aged nun to pierce the veil that shrouded England's future, she might have seen her native land, after centuries of estrangement, returning with slow and faltering steps to the faith of which it had been deprived ; have seen that Church erected on the ruins of the old one, shaken to its very base by the desertion of some of its best and noblest champions, and hastening to atone for their fathers' sins, by full and frank admission of the authority of eternal Rome ; strangers to her no more, but loving, grateful children.

And uninjured by the storms that have from the beginning surrounded it ; living on through times of persecution and hatred,

the great Society of Jesus still looks placidly down upon the seething, furious waves of distrust and insult that ever threaten to engulf it; still, as of yore, the right hand of God's Church; its wisest and ablest counsellor and support; pursuing steadfastly, with patient, undeviating fidelity, the path of simple duty, and bearing upon its front the holy and unsullied motto—

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

THE END.

A NAME.

"La gloriosa donna della mia mente."—DANTE.

What new pet name within cool rhythm reeds,
My soft white swan, shall hide thee from the throng,
So every man who scans my book and heeds,
Shall say: This name alone is perfect song?
It needs no necromancer's art to raise
A vision of the dear dead ladies whom
The poets strove with similes to praise,
Yet whose flower-faces withered ere their bloom:—
Old Petrarch rhymed and punned on Laura's grace,
Till one might take a pencil up and sketch
Him here her eye-star, here her sunlit face
Across the margin, and might reading stretch
Her sun-spun hair between his sonnets' lines.
Like to a lily grown, unconsciously
Within thy love-lit eyes such beauty shines,
That I can find no woman's name to dress
My thoughts within, and still resemble thee,
And make men hear thy laugh ring in my rhymes.
In God's broad acre, 'mid the yews and limes,
There stands a stone, from out the rottenness,
Knee-deep in moss, and ruin'd autumn leaves
That lie amid the coarse sedge grass; the mound
With rotten twigs is strewn; the ivy cleaves
Across the cold stone's face, on which is found,
If you push gently back the leaves and read,
The sweetest name that ever woman bore:
"Ruth Godsmark, twenty-three: God rest the dead."

And, wondering, you may ask: "Is there no more?"
The leaves fall back again from whence they came
And hide this godly name from those who see
No more within it than another name,
That's born to love, and dies at "twenty-three."

There sat I down to think of youth and age,
 And Life and Death, and such things opposite :
 Sweet Love that chirrup in a golden cage
 And dies for lack of love, as flowers for light ;
 Man's friendship, better than all love or gold,
 Which silent Time ne'er crumbles in his hand,
 Nor Death nor weary Winter maketh old,
 But still, as now, last ageless to the end.

Sad with the knowledge of all earthly things,
 And ignorant of God behind the stars,
 Who made the world with winters and with springs,
 And gave men gold to make Love's dungeon bars,
 I turn'd to romance on the epitaph

Of this forgotten grave that once was dear,
 And sacred from the empty, idle laugh
 Of passers, in the sacred days of fear,

To the young children through the fields who come,
 With hushed child's play, from out the hazel wood,
 And from their wild flowers would they spare them some
 To deck this grave, not then quite grown with green,
 Of her they used to crown with daisies queen,

"Our Ruth," who was so beautiful and good ;
 And as I rose from up Death's garden-bed,

Full of sorrow for her dead womanhood,
 I thought ;—this is the name I'd learn to know

My lady by ;—long musing thus, I said :
 "If strong some day in singing-rhymes I grow,
 I'll write a book for men to read of her,

My soft white swan, and for a name to trace
 Her pureness by, when my young rhymes shall err,
 Ruth Godsmark with my song I'll interlace."

* * * *

Thus sang I in the spring of yesteryear,

Wishing to fit a golden aureole
 Of summer-songs, with all a lover's fear,

Above the picture of her perfect soul.

Never shall we be "one another" now !

And never shall she hear me sing again,
 Since she is dead.

For all a man shall vow,

A woman promise, only God knows when,
 And where their trysting-place on earth shall be.

I meant that men should place her gentle name,
 Seen through my deathless soul's song's melody,

Between the song-illuminated names of fame
 Of Helen, Biché, Genéviève, and she

Whom one great music-maker won in spring
 Standing beside her mother's lonely grave.

Now shall I never make her songs to sing
 For all in love-lost misery I rave ;

Now shall I never carve such steps of song
 That smaller men may climb up Thought's steep face

To Heaven's meadow-fields of right and wrong,
 And look in God's eyes once a breathing space.

If to the red-rose garden of my heart

A new love should come wandering some day,
 There will she see this statue of my art,

(Though it be only formed of tears and clay),
 Set upon the high pedestal of Love,

And on the cold white fillet of its hair,
 In round gold-burnished letters :—Far above

Rubies did he count his dead lady fair,
 And Love still keeps what Death has taken away.

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

PART II.

THE grand adversary of the Revolution, the most philosophically-minded of all those who have made what Carlyle calls "the crowning phenomenon of our modern time" a life-study, De Maistre has succeeded in plucking out the heart of its mystery, and unfolding, with admirable lucidity, the co-relation of cause and effect, not merely in the series of events compressed into the epoch that elapsed from the moment Camille Desmoulins mounted the table in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and shouted "*aux armes !*" until Napoleon mounted the throne to which, sword in hand, he had fought his way—events poetized, idealized, and transfigured by Carlyle in his marvellous prose epic—but in the whole dramatic spectacle which contemporary history presents, and to which '89 and '93 were but the sanguinary prologues. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of history—for, rightly viewed, there are few things more solemn or awe-inspiring—and possessing in his strong, supernaturalized Catholic faith that "key to all the creeds" of which the poet speaks, he saw in the French Revolution, not a fortuitous, isolated event, not an accidental ebullition of French excitability kindled to white heat, but a something abnormal, something out of the common order. Historians and chroniclers by the score, compilers of ponderous

tomes, and compilers of gossiping *memoires pour servir* have exhausted their own ingenuity and their readers' patience upon a subject which is even still deplorably misunderstood. Intellectuals cribbed, cabined and confined within the narrow limits of the contingent, or some historical system which only takes cognizance of secondary causes—seeing, with Gibbon, little more in history than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind, or, with Carlyle, the written epitomized synopsis of rumour—have been much exercised to discover what it was that these extraordinary events, philosophically considered, pointed to; never pausing to consider what it was that God meant! It needed some Daniel to read the divine handwriting on the wall; and De Maistre was the man, God-gifted, to interpret its mystical meaning. "We must courageously confess, madame" he wrote to the Marquise de Costa, "that for a long time we have not understood the Revolution of which we are witnesses; we have long taken it for an event. We were in error. It is an *epoch*, and woe to the generations who are present at the epochs of the world! A thousand times happy the men who are not called to contemplate in history great revolutions, general wars, public opinion at fever heat, parties infuriated, the clashing of empires, and the obsequies of nations! Happy the men who pass through the world in one of those moments of repose, intervals between the convulsions of a condemned and suffering nature!"* In the *Considerations* he points out as the most striking characteristic of the Revolution, that force of attraction and impulsion which swept away every obstacle that human strength could oppose to it like straws upon the wind, none having crossed its pathway with impunity, its most active spirits having something passive and mechanical about them, as if they were the instruments of a super-human power, a power that seemed to revel in the destruction of human life, and of all that has been sanctified by religion or tradition. The most remarkable of them only attained to the perilous possession of supreme authority by following the current; as soon as they strove to make headway against it, they were submerged.† Robespierre, Collot, and Barrère, extremely mediocre men, wielded over a guilty nation the most dreadful despotism recorded in history; but as soon as the measure of their iniquity was filled up, a breath overthrew them.‡ Absolutist and monar-

* *Lettres et Opuscules*, t. ii., p. 159.

† The power of agitating the multitude without being able to dominate it, he says, is the real *cachet* of mediocrity in political troubles.

‡ Marat was assassinated in his bath by Charlotte Corday (July 13th, 1793). Robespierre perished upon the scaffold, with twenty-two of his fellow culprits (July 28th, 1794). Danton was condemned to the guillotine, and died April 5th, 1794. Carrier was brought before the revolutionary tribunal in 1794, and condemned to death. Camille Desmoulins left his head upon the scaffold, April 5th, 1794. Collot d'Herbois was condemned to exile, and deported to Cayenne, where he died, consumed by a violent fever (1796). Manuel was decapitated, November 15th, 1793. Châlier was executed,

chist *pur sang*, he fails to discover any traces of real greatness among the republicans. "All the real legislators, all the founders of empires, all the authors of great institutions," he says, "were men of brilliant talents and brilliant virtues. The republic alone was born of the putrid fermentation of all accumulated crimes: there is no word to characterize its real founders, they baffle description; for them all the epithets that express baseness are too noble, and all those that express scoundrelism are too weak."* When he hears them talk of "liberty" and "virtue," it suggests to him a faded courtesan with painted prudery affecting the airs of a virgin. "When I am present in thought at the epoch of the re-assembling of the National Convention, I feel," he says, "transported like the sublime bard of England into an intellectual world; I see the enemy of mankind seated in an arena, and summoning all the bad spirits into this new *pandæmonium*; I distinctly hear *il raucò suon delle tartara trombe*; I see all the vices of France run to his call, and I know not if I am describing an allegory. From the era of the Republicans date the greatest crimes that ever dishonoured humanity."† "In the French Revolution," he says elsewhere, "there is a *satanic character* that distinguishes it from all that one has seen, or perhaps from all that one will see. Call to mind the *grandes séances*!—Robespierre's speech against the priesthood, the solemn apostasy of the priests, the profanation of the objects of worship, the inauguration of the goddess of Reason, and that crowd of unheard-of scenes in which the provinces strove to surpass Paris—all that stands out from the ordinary circle of crimes, and seems to belong to another world. And even now that the Revolution has much retrograded, the great excesses have disappeared, *but the principles subsist*. What distinguishes it as an event unique in history is, that it is *radically bad*; no element of good relieves the eye of the observer: it is the highest known degree of corruption, it is pure impurity. In what page of history will you find so many vices simultaneously acting on the same scene? What a dreadful combination of baseness and cruelty! What profound immorality! What forgetfulness of all shame!‡ The French Revolution," he repeats, "is satanic in its principle; it can only be really ended, killed, exterminated by the contrary principle; if the counter-revolution is not divine, it is null. . . . It had

May 29th, 1793. On June 2nd, 1793, twenty-nine Girondins were condemned to death, including Pethion, Verginaud, Fonfrède, Guadet, Condorcet, Rabaud Saint-Etienne, Philippe-Egalité, Bailly and Barnave were guillotined. Lebon mounted the scaffold, October 9th, 1795. Saint Just was executed, July 27th, 1794. Henriot, Couthon and Fouquier-Tinville were drawn to the guillotine. "Every drop of the blood of Louis XVI.," wrote De Maistre at the time, "will cost France torrents; four millions of Frenchmen will, perhaps, pay with their heads for the grand national crime of an anti-religious and anti-social revolution, crowned by a regicide. . . . One could name by thousands the active instruments of the Revolution who have died a violent death."

* *Fragments*, p. 15§. † *Considerations*, c. iv. ‡ *Considerations*, c. iv. v.

hardly begun, and already its character was pronounced. Liberty, at its birth, assumed a sacrilegious attitude. As vile as ferocious, it never knew how to ennoble a crime, or secure the services of a great man. A more disgusting abuse, a more revolting prostitution of human reason never sullied the annals of any people. It was the very primordial trait and characteristic of French liberty. But it is precisely because the French Revolution, in its bases, is the height of absurdity and moral corruption, that it is eminently dangerous to peoples. Health is not contagious—disease too often is. This Revolution, clearly defined, is only an expression of immoral pride, disengaged from all its bonds; hence that dreadful propagandism which disturbs all Europe. Pride is immense in its nature; it destroys all that is not strong enough to repress it; hence, too, the success of this propagandism.”*

Nations, like individuals, De Maistre believes, are condemned to death; and that if it entered into the designs of God to reveal to us His plans in regard to the French Revolution, we should read the chastisement of France written there like a judicial sentence. As long as it will last, Frenchmen will lie under this anathema; they will be stricken with a moral leprosy; they will be devoured by a dry rot that will make daily ravages; they will be the shame and dread of mankind, in place of being its glory. The grand crime that has entailed this punishment upon France is, having failed, since it consummated its apostasy in '89, to fulfil its mission as head of the great Christian family of nations that once constituted a united Europe. “France exercises over Europe a real magisterium which it would be idle,” he says, “to contest, and which it has abused in the guiltiest manner. It was at the head of the religious system, and it was not without reason that its king called himself ‘Most Christian.’ Bossuet did not say a word too much upon this point. Now, as it has used its influence to contradict its vocation, and demoralize Europe, we must not be astonished if it is recalled to it by terrible means. For a long time one has not seen so dreadful a punishment inflicted upon such an enormous number of culprits. Providence, which proportions the means to the end, and gives to nations, as to individuals, the organs necessary for the accomplishment of their destiny, has precisely given the French nation two instruments, and, so to speak, two arms with which it moves the world: its language and the spirit of propagandism, which constitute the essence of its character, so that it has constantly the need and the power of influencing the world. The power, I had almost said the monarchy, of the French language is visible. As to the spirit of propagandism, it is visible as the sun; from the dressmaker to the philosopher, it is the salient part of the national character.”† And seeing in this faculty, at once the strength and weakness of the French

* *Lettres et Opuscules*, t. i. ii.

† *Considerations*.

character, a recuperative force calculated to enable that people to work out its redemption by the very thing that had been the chief instrument of its fall, he unfolds a more hopeful view of the situation. "The French clergy," he proceeds, "must not go to sleep. There are a thousand reasons for believing that it is called to a grand mission, and the very conjectures that show it why it has suffered, permit it to believe that it is destined to an essential work. In a word, if it does not work a moral revolution in Europe, if the religious spirit is not reinforced in that part of the world, the social bond is dissolved. But if a happy change takes place there, either there is no such thing as analogy or induction, or any art of conjecturing, or it is France is called to produce it. It is this, in particular, that makes me think the French Revolution is a grand epoch, and that all its consequences will be felt far beyond the time of its explosion, and the limits of its *foyer*. In fine, the chastisement of the French deviates from all the ordinary rules, and likewise the protection accorded to France; but these two prodigies combined mutually multiply, and present one of the most astonishing spectacles the human eye ever contemplated. France has always held, and apparently will for a long time yet hold, one of the first ranks in the society of nations. The empire of the coalition over France, and the division of that kingdom, would be one of the greatest misfortunes that ever happened to humanity."* Developing his favourite theory of the reconstruction and regeneration of Christendom under the very action of the nation that was, and is, the chief instrument of its dismemberment and demoralization, he says: "Among peoples who have played a part in modern history, none, perhaps, is worthier of fixing the gaze of the philosopher than the French people; none has received a destiny more marked, and qualities more evidently designed to fulfil it. France, as it existed before the Revolution—no one knows the fate that awaits it in the future—was destined to exercise over all parts of Europe the same supremacy that Europe exercises over the other countries of the world. I doubt if nature has done so much for any people. France is placed in the centre of Europe, and it is equally easy for it to attach all the surrounding powers to itself, or break their coalition. Search the universe for a state whose component parts are so intimately united, and form so imposing an *ensemble*. There is not in Europe a body politic more numerous, more compact, more difficult to break up, and whose shock would be more terrible. Undoubtedly, a nation more easy to deceive, more difficult to undeceive, or more powerful to deceive others, never existed. Two special characteristics distinguish you from all the peoples of the world—the spirit of association and propagandism. With you," he continues, apostrophizing France, "thought is thoroughly

* *Considerations*, c. ii.

national, and thoroughly impassioned. It seems to me that a prophet, with a single stroke of his potent pencil, has drawn you to the life, when, twenty centuries ago, he said: 'Every word of this people is a conspiracy.' The electric spark, traversing, like the lightning whence it issues, a mass of men in communication, feebly represents the instantaneous, I had almost said fulminant, invasion of a taste, a system, a passion among the French, who cannot live isolated. At least, if you only reacted upon yourselves, they would let you alone; but the propensity, the need, the mania for acting upon others, is the most salient feature of your character. One might say that this feature is *yourself*. The opinion you project upon Europe is a battering-ram, impelled by thirty millions of men. Always hungering after success and influence, one would say that you only exist to gratify this need, and, as a nation cannot have received a destiny apart from the means of accomplishing it, you have received that means in your language by which you reign much more than by your arms, although they have shaken the universe. May this mysterious force, not less potent for good than for evil, soon become the organ of a salutary propagandism, capable of consoling humanity for all the evils you have inflicted on it.*

While recognising, like Carlyle, in philosophism, that foul product of still fouler corruption, the cardinal principle of the widespread malady to which, with epigrammatic point and pungency, he has given the expressive name of "theophobia," he goes farther and searches deeper into the philosophy of history for the primary cause of the extraordinary mental and moral perturbation under which Europe still oscillates. In the free thought movement of the sixteenth century, in the revolt against the principle of authority in matters of belief, or, to give it its commonest and most distinctive appellation, in Protestantism, a phase of opinion in radical antagonism to the idea of sovereignty or unity, he discovers the origin of that clashing of ideas and interests, and consequent instability and confusion, which, both in the religious and political domain, is the most striking characteristic of our time, and denotes the introduction of an element of disorganization, fatal alike to community of belief and community of action. He declares Protestantism—using the word rather as the generic appellation of certain schools of political or religious thought, than as the synonyme of any particular Church—to be the grand enemy of Europe, the fatal ulcer that adheres to all sovereignties, and is unceasingly consuming them—the son of Pride, the father of Anarchy, the universal dissolvent; † not merely a religious, but a

* *Soirées*, 6e. entret.

† "Wherever individual reason predominates, nothing great can exist, for all that is great reposes upon belief, and the clashing of personal opinions among themselves produces the scepticism that destroys everything. Universal and private morality, religion, laws, venerated customs, useful prejudices—nothing subsists; everything disappears before it: it is a universal dissolvent."—*Mélanges*, p. 281.

political heresy, because, in enfranchising people from the yoke of obedience, it justified, or sought to justify revolt, setting pride and the individual reason against authority, and sapping the basis upon which the whole Christian order reposed. It is a born rebel, and insurrection is its habitual state. Anti-monarchical in its nature, it has given birth to the modern conception of the Republic, and heralded that universal revolt of the proletarian classes against the governing order, the logical consequence of its false teaching, as well as the most powerful lever in the hands of the Cosmopolitan Revolution for the overthrow of throne and altar, and the unchristianizing of society. Nothing, to DeMaistre's mind, can reconcile it with authority, and the proofs it has given, particularly in France, are of a nature never to be forgotten. It never ceased for a moment to conspire against France; it needed nothing less than the genius of Richelieu to give the last blow to the last head of rebellion upon the ruined ramparts of Rochelle. But Louis XIII. did not venture to be more than a conqueror. Louis XIV. crushed Protestantism under foot, and died in his bed, brilliant with glory and loaded with years. Louis XVI. caressed it, and died upon the scaffold; and it was chiefly the children of that sect that led him to it. In the moral, as in the physical world, he argues, there are elective affinities, and prays observers to reflect upon the really striking affinity, manifest to the eyes of the world, between Protestantism and Jacobinism. "From the first moment of the Revolution," he says, "the enemies of the throne exhibited a *filial* affection for Protestantism. Men of every country and every creed, observers of every system, mark well and never forget it: the Gospel, as taught by the Protestant Church, never terrified Robespierre. The grand basis of Protestantism being the right of examination, which is illimitable and bears upon everything, there is no abettor of the execrable Revolution who has not vaunted that of the sixteenth century. One may see in the posthumous works of Condorcet, to what a degree the most odious, perhaps, of the revolutionists, and the most violent enemy of Christianity, was friendly to the reform. Protestantism is positively, and to the foot of the letter, the *sans-culottism* of religion. The one invokes the word of God, the other the rights of man;* but in reality it is the same theory, the same move, and the same result. These two brothers have broken up sovereignty to distribute it to the multitude."†

Let it not be thought that this strong and emphatic language is the exaggerated expression of blind bigotry. Although De Maistre does not affect that cold, dispassionate tone, or that nervous horror of polemics, born of the liberalism and

* Burke calls the rights of man "a sort of institute and digest of anarchy;" and Carlyle, "the true paper basis of all paper constitutions."

† *Mélanges*.

indifferentism of a later epoch, and which has more in it of pusillanimous human respect than of delicate, charitable deference to the conscientious convictions of those who differ from us, he is far from falling into the vulgar error of confounding men with systems, the bane of acrimonious controversy; for, like every enlightened and unbiassed mind, he recognises in the Protestant communion many of the elements of sound belief, intermingled with errors—a kind of mutilated or fragmentary Christianity—and much moral worth. “At this solemn moment,” he says, “when everything announces that Europe is approaching a memorable revolution, of which the one we have witnessed was only the terrible and indispensable preliminary, it is, above all, to Protestants our fraternal remonstrances and fervent supplications should be addressed. What do they still expect, and what do they seek? They have traversed the whole circle of error. By dint of attacking, of nibbling at faith, so to speak, they have destroyed Christianity among themselves, and, thanks to the efforts of their terrible science, which unceasingly *protests*, half Europe is at length without a religion. The era of passions has passed; we can talk without hating each other, without even getting excited. Let us avail of this favourable epoch; let princes, above all, perceive that power is slipping from them, and that European monarchy can only be constituted and preserved by the one and unique religion, and that, if this ally fails them, they must fall. All that has been said about a foreign potentate to dismay the Protestant powers, is a chimera, a scarecrow set up in the sixteenth century, and which has no signification in ours. Let the *English*, in particular, weigh deeply this point, for *the grand movement must begin with them*; if they do not hasten to seize the immortal palm that is offered them, another people will wrest it from them. Strive to collect your thoughts, strive to be sufficiently master of yourselves and your prejudices to be able to contemplate in the calmness of your conscience the strange system of which you have the misfortune to be the defenders. To establish a religion and a moral law in Europe, to give Truth the power necessary for the conquests it meditates, to strengthen sovereign thrones, and quietly calm down that general fermentation of minds which threatens us with the greatest calamities, an indispensable preliminary is to efface from the European dictionary that fatal word—*Protestantism*.* Everything invites Protestants to return to us. Their science, which at present is only a dreadful corrosive, will lose its deleterious property when combined with our submission, which will not fail, in turn, to be

* “It may be easily understood,” says Balmez (*European Civilization*, c. xii.), “that Protestantism, on account of its essentially dissolving nature, is incapable of producing anything in morals or religion to increase the happiness of nations; for it is impossible for this happiness to exist as long as men’s minds are at war on the most important questions which can occupy them.”

enlightened by their science. This great change must begin with the princes, and become completely extraneous to the so-called 'evangelical' ministry. Several manifest signs exclude that ministry from the grand work. To adhere to error is always a great evil; but for the State to teach it, and teach it against the voice of conscience, is the worst of all misfortunes. Everything seems to demonstrate that the English are destined to inaugurate the grand religious movement in preparation, and which will be a sacred epoch in the annals of mankind. To be the first to reach the Light of all those who have abjured it, they have two invaluable advantages, and which they little suspect: it is that, by the happiest of contradictions, their religious system is at once both the most evidently false and evidently the nearest to the truth. But if in all that is false in it there is nothing so evidently false as the Anglican system, *en revanche*, in how many ways does it not recommend itself to us as the nearest to the truth! Withheld by the hands of three terrible sovereigns, who little relished popular exaggerations, and withheld, too, it is a duty to observe, by a superior good sense, the English in the sixteenth century were able, to a remarkable extent, to resist the torrent that was carrying away other nations, and preserve several elements of Catholicism.* Hence that ambiguous physiognomy which distinguishes the Anglican Church, and which has been noted by so many writers. Noble English!" he exclaims, "you were formerly the first enemies of unity; it is upon you has now devolved the honour of restoring it."†

Little more than half a century has elapsed since De Maistre's closing eyes descried in the dim, distant future, veiled by the storm-clouds then gathering and darkening over Europe, the advent of an era of regeneration; and every thoughtful Christian mind must recognise in the grand re-awakening of religious fervour among French Catholics, and the subtle and powerful influences that, ever since the Tractarian Movement,‡ have combined to draw the cultured intelligence of England more and more towards the centre of light and unity, the fulfilment of this prophetic forecast, the dawn of that "sacred epoch in the annals of mankind," the march of the nations out of the revolutionary land of bondage to that Promised Land of a Re-united Christendom of which the great Catholic writer so eloquently and so confidently speaks:—

* "Among the various branches of the reformed religion," says Chateaubriand (*Etudes hist.*), "their approximation to the beautiful and sublime is always found to be proportioned to the amount of Catholic truth they have retained."

† *De Pape*, conclusion.

‡ Cardinal Newman, in a recent letter, says this religious movement was an exhibition of that latent energy to throw off the superincumbent errors which have so long kept tyrannical hold over them, and a token of what may take place at some future day. See reply (dated Leghorn, June 19th, 1879) to the address from the Catholics of Oxford.

"One God, one law, one element,
 * And one far-off Divine Event
 To which the whole creation moves!"

In effect, the age travails with unity. It is the mother-thought of masonry; it is the visionary golden age of dreamy socialists. Communistic cupidity, and that unhealthy yearning after material enjoyment which is pervading the masses of the people, are fed up with the delusive hope of an impossible community of goods, when the general overturn they contemplate shall have banished selfishness along with privilege from a warring world. While Victor Hugo, the hierophant of the Revolution, raves about an equally impossible United States of Europe or Universal Republic, Panslavism, Pangermanism, Hellenism and imperialism give definite form and feature to that policy of agglomeration, or the welding together, *per fas aut nefas*, of scattered masses of humanity into a concrete whole. There is a profound meaning in all this for whoever can read aright the hearts of men. "In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls and swells," says Carlyle, "there is ever some good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph." But in the mind of De Maistre, the grand and elevating thought of a regenerated Europe, purged of the revolutionary leaven that has long corrupted society and dismembered the great Christian family of nations, was ever uppermost, not as a vague, visionary ideal, but as the inevitable issue of the conflict between the old Christian constitution of society, which had, and still has, for its immutable and unshakable basis Catholic Truth, and the new order, the crude conception of eighteenth century philosophism, which implies the ultimate total rejection of Christian ethics in the government of the world. "The present generation," he says, "is witness of one of the grandest spectacles that ever arrested the human eye. It is the combat *à outrance* of Christianity and Philosophism: the lists are opened, the two enemies are *en presence*, and the universe is looking on. All you men of good faith who deny or who doubt, perhaps, this grand epoch of Christianity will fix your irresolutions. For eighteen centuries it has reigned over a great part of the world, and particularly over the most enlightened portion of the globe. Be, then, very attentive, all you whom history has not sufficiently enlightened. You said the sceptre sustained the tiara; well, there is no longer a sceptre in the grand arena: it is broken, and the fragments flung into the mud.* Philosophy having corroded the cement that held men together, there is no longer any moral fellowship. Civil authority, favouring with all its might the overthrow of the old system, gives the enemies of Christianity all the support it formerly accorded to the Church:

* M. De Maistre was writing immediately after the general overthrow of sovereignties consequent on the French Revolution.

the human intellect assumes every imaginable form to combat the ancient religion. These efforts are applauded and paid for, and the contrary efforts are crimes. . . . Philosophism has, then, no more complaints to make ; every human chance is in its favour ; everything is done for it and against its rival. If it conquers, it will not say, like Cæsar, 'I came, I saw, I conquered ;' but, in fine, it will have conquered : it can clap its hands and proudly seat itself upon an overturned Cross. But if Christianity comes out of this terrible trial purer and more vigorous ; if, Christian Hercules, strong in its own strength, it raises the son of the earth and crushes him in its arms—*Patuit Deus !!* Christ commands. He reigns ; He has conquered !"* And in a remarkable letter to the Chevalier D'Orly, he writes, under date March 3rd, 1819 : "The Revolution is undoubtedly erect, and not only erect, but it marches, it runs, it rushes. The only difference I perceive between this epoch and that of the great Robespierre is, that then heads fell, and now they are turned. It is extremely probable the French will give us another tragedy ; but whether this spectacle may or may not take place, here, my dear Chevalier, is what is certain : the religious spirit, which is not quite extinct in France, will make an effort proportionate to the compression it experiences, according to the nature of all elastic fluids. It will remove mountains ; it will work miracles. The Sovereign Pontiff and the French priesthood will embrace, and in that sacred embrace they will stifle the Gallican maxims. Then the French clergy will begin a new era, and will reconstruct France, and France will preach religion to Europe, and one will have seen nothing equal to this propaganda ; and if the Catholics are emancipated in England, which is possible and even probable, and the Catholic Religion speaks French and English in Europe, remember well what I tell you, there is nothing that you may not expect ; and if they told you that in the course of the century Mass would be said at St. Peter's of Geneva and St. Sophia of Constantinople, you should say, 'Why not ?'"+

No commentary is needed to point out the remarkably prophetic character of this passage, in which the anti-Gallican crusade preached by Guéranger and other eminent ecclesiastics, and successfully terminated by the united action of Rome and the majority of the French episcopate in the Vatican Council, is clearly foreshown. With previsions so exact and precise as these, ratified by accomplished facts, establishing, according to all logical reasoning, by analogy, the presumption of probability in favour of other similar conjectural predictions ; with the recent war in the East, whose smouldering embers may at any moment be rekindled into a flame that would set half Europe on fire ; the

* *Considerations*, c. v.† *Lettres et Opuscules*, t. i., p. 507.

campaign in Afghanistan, which levelled, if it did not effectually strike a death-blow at the last stronghold of Moslem power; the occasional flickering spurts of expiring Mahomedan fanaticism; the enforced abdication of the Khedive, the satrap of the Porte, and other unmistakable signs proclaiming the rapidly-approaching extinction of the dominion of Islam—are there not sufficient grounds to justify us in hoping for the accomplishment of the latter part of this prophecy? True, the extinction of the Ottoman Empire, if Russia were once in possession of Constantinople, might synchronize with the exaltation of the Greek schismatical Church, but it would be only like galvanizing a corpse into the semblance of vitality; and the downfall of the one would be the sure and certain forerunner of the downfall of the other. "The Photian Churches," says De Maistre, "are preserved in the midst of Mahomedanism like an insect in amber. Between Mahomedanism and Christianity there can be no commingling; but if those Churches were exposed to the action of Protestantism or Catholicism, and brought under a sufficiently sharp fire of science, they would almost immediately disappear. Now, as nations are brought into distant contact with each other through the medium of languages, we shall soon witness the grand experience already far advanced in Russia. Our tongues will reach those nations that vaunt their parchment faith, and, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall see them swallow in deep draughts all the errors of Europe. When one considers the trials the Roman Church has been subjected to by the attacks of heresy and intercourse with barbarous nations, it strikes one with admiration to see that in the midst of dreadful revolutions all its titles are intact and ascend to the Apostles. Submit one of those separated peoples to a revolution similar to that which has desolated France for twenty years; suppose a tyrannical power is infuriated against the Church, massacres, spoliates and disperses its priests; above all, that it tolerates every worship but the national one—the latter will disappear like smoke. France, after the terrible revolution it has suffered, has remained Catholic; that is to say, that all that has not remained Catholic is nothing. Such is the power of truth subjected to a terrible test."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(To be concluded in our next.)



GERMAN POETS.

THE literature of Germany is the latest growth of Europe—the youngest in modern time, saving that of America. Like those of other countries, its early poetic outcome originated from the old Ballad Literature, the chivalrous Songs of the Minnesingers, the *Nibelungen-Lied*, that wild epic picture of a barbaric age, which is to *Vaterland* what the *Mahabharata* is to India; the Homeric Rhapsodies of Hellas, the Song of “*Beowolf*” to the Saxons; and the “*Táin Bo Chuailgné*” to the Celts of Erin. The middle ages produced a swarm of songsters, rude versifiers of popular feeling and life, among whom Hans Sachs is the most prominent; a few rude dramatists, like Gryphius, who modelled their plays on translations of Sophocles and Seneca, and who, like some of the early English playwrights, may be said to have written for the galleries. Then came the first truly literary age, which began with an imitation of French literature—that of Klopstock, whose *Messiah* may be compared with the “*Night Thoughts*” of Young, but which is infused with a more genuine religious spirit; Wieland, whose “*Oberon*” displays charming fancy, and which, in its style, reminds us somewhat of Beattie’s “*Minstrel*,” and a few minor celebrities. The first truly original poetic writer of Germany was Lessing, a man of strong imagination and intellect, a critic as well as dramatist, who, like Herder, many of whose ideas and descriptions are so fresh and delightful, may be said to have originated æsthetical criticism, which treats of the true purpose of poetic and other art as that which gives rise to the emotions elicited by objects and subjects which are veritably beautiful as compared with the ancient critique, which dealt with the structure of literary composition and principles purely intellectual—a critique which, in its comprehensive aspect, acting on the creative power of man, would render life objectively beautiful, as religion renders it holy. In this group may be included Richter, a discursive genius, sympathetic but fantastic, learned, humorous, fertile of ideas as Diderot—a writer of imaginative prose, in which there are many valuable ideas, chiefly from a literary point of view; but neither a poet nor artist.

Passing from the inferior chieftains, whose poetic achievements illustrate the early age of German imagination, let us glance at the two who may be said to have attained to the purple in her literary empire. Goethe has displayed a more versatile creative faculty than Schiller; he has written dramas of many sorts, lyrics, idylls, elegies, descriptive and reflective poetry, novels, travels, biography and essays, scientific and critical. But while he

is regarded by the literary and cultivated classes as the representative man of Germany, Schiller is undoubtedly the National and popular poet of Teutondom. Goethe is best known here by his "Faust," the first part of which presents a series of scenes such as Shakspeare might have sketched. No dramatic poem exhibits a greater amount of variety than this, from the grandeur of its opening song to the tragic pathos of the last scene. The legend and its treatment unites the reflection of Hamlet with the Witch element in Macbeth, whose double inspiration seems to have initiated its composition. It is in all respects an original reflection of the German genius. Several of the full-length scenes are full of imagination: several of the brief ones of nature and beauty. "Faust" was a "life poem;" and in the second part, which presents some fine scenes, and which was the work of Goethe's old age, he has concentrated all sorts of fine things from his poetic commonplace books. Next to "Faust" is ranked the idyl of Hermann and Dorothea, that thoroughly German picture of sweet, homely, rural life, which Longfellow took as the model of his "Evangeline." Goethe's Roman Elegies, though their classic hexameters are intended to give them an antique air, are in substance modern, and are among the most original of his poems. Here we have Italy, its scenes and climate. One of the most pleasing pictures in this work is that in which the poet, wandering over the Campagna, sees a young woman with her infant seated under a ruined ivy-draped column. He asks her to what structure it once belonged; but she knows nothing of the past—nothing but the love for her child, which absorbs her mind and being. Though Goethe has written in all styles of poetry, we are disposed to think that some of his lyrics and discursive ideas on Art and Nature, scattered through his writings and conversations, are perhaps the most original emanations of his intelligence.

Schiller's genius was essentially dramatic. His "Wallenstein" is the greatest historic poem which Germany has produced. It bears a closer resemblance to Shakspeare's English historical plays than any we can recall. Coleridge's translation is the best ever made of a German poem—it reads like an original composition. Schiller's early dramas, the "Conspiracy of Fiesco," the "Robbers," &c., are productions of the youth of genius, intoxicated with fancy—essays

"Of some wild poet when he works
Without a conscience and an aim."

But from the age of twenty-five his works attained that purity of moral purpose and Art which can alone insure perpetuity of interest and of fame. Several of the scenes in "Don Carlos," indeed, are striking; such as that in which, brought before his father's tribunal, he is condemned by him—a scene found in many tragedies, and which is the subject of the finest in Bulwer's novel,

"Paul Clifford." The character of the Marquis of Posa in this play—the ideal of liberty and tolerance—is fine. Schiller's historic characters invariably preserve the outlines of history; others are ideal personages, or personified passions; but his greatest delineations are true creations, organic, natural and alive.

Taken as a whole, *Wallenstein* is the greatest drama of Germany, as "*Marie Stuart*" is Schiller's most pathetic, and his best-constructed play. The scenes are alternately historic and imaginative, and the interest associated with the queen admirably sustained. The vanity, politique, tyranny of Elizabeth are strikingly painted, as is also her strong intelligence. The scenes in which Mary appears are full of nature, and highly affecting. The spirit which animates Schiller's "*William Tell*," is liberty. The incidents of the story of Tell are highly dramatic, and Schiller has introduced others as a moral contrast to his pure and courageous nature. Among the fine descriptive passages is the description of the mountain scenery of Switzerland. His "*Bride of Messina*" is modelled on the Greek drama, and several of its choruses are superb.

Schiller's ballads are perhaps his most popular compositions. They may be described under these heads:—the graphic and historical, the sentimental and didactic, and those which are expressive of the principle of culture and of social progress. Throughout them he has selected themes capable of strong imaginative treatment; and by the poetic art which he has manifested, he has, as Lord Lytton says, elevated the ballad to the rank of the drama. While highly picturesque and dramatic, they are peculiar in this, that each of those poems has an allegorical meaning, an inner moral purpose and soul. Thus understood, they are lessons as well as animated descriptive pictures. Those among them which are best known through translations in these countries are, "*The Diver*," "*The Lay of the Bell*," "*Fridolin*," "*The Glove*," "*The Fight with the Dragon*," "*The Cranes of Ibycus*;" and among the didactic poems, "*The Walk*" and "*The Artists*." The subject of the "*Diver*" he found in Kireher. It is a legend of the thirteenth century. The king—supposed to have been Frederic I. of Sicily—standing amid his court on the brink of a precipice, overlooking the whirlpool between Sicily and Italy, flings a golden goblet into the deep, and promises to give it to whomever will recover it. A youthful diver accepts the challenge, plunges into the hell of waters and brings it up. Again the king, tempting the audacity of the youth, flings his diadem into the surge, promising it to him if he recovers it—he does so. Lastly, the monarch offers him his beautiful young daughter if, the third time, he brings up the crown flung into the raging depths. The diver plunges in—but never re-appears. The description of the wrath and dangers of the deep is intensified with each essay of the diver, who, after the second trial, gives a powerful description of the terrors and awful forms

he experienced and beheld in the dark and furious world of the abyss. Nothing can be finer than the picturesque and dramatic evolution of this fine subject, the moral of which is—be bold ; but not too bold. Bulwer's translation is one of the best in English, but lacks the living embodiment of word with thought as we have it in the German, which possesses such capacity for expressing objects of sense in picturesque words and sounds corresponding to the sense.

One is inclined to fancy that German is peculiarly suited to paint the sounds and appearances of water, as some southern tongues the glories of light. It was fortunate in becoming a literary language, while its picturesque words were in use. Many obsolete English words are more expressive for purpose of picture in sound than those in literary currency.

Schiller displays great power, artificial and natural, in those dramas and poems whose production was the grand duty and labour of his life. He has in several of his works asserted the dignity which should mark the career of the artist, as well as that of the poet, whose life should be a true poem, and nowhere more eloquently than in the following passage. Let the artist, he says—

“Look upward to his dignity and the law, not downward to his happiness and his wants. . . . By uniting the possible with the necessary, produce the ideal. Let him imprint and express it in fiction and truth ; imprint it in the sport of his imagination and the earnest of his actions ; imprint it in all spiritual forms, and cast his work silently into everlasting Time.”

Carlyle, in his admirable life of this German poet, thus comments on his career and his creations :—

“On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days were passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeurs ; he lived among the glories of universal nature ; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace ; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly ; but did he not even then conceive and bring forth the “Max Piccolimini” and “Thecla,” and the “Maid of Orleans,” and the scenes in “William Tell?” It is true he died early ; but the student will exclaim with Charles XII. in another case : ‘Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms.’ These kingdoms that Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of another ; they are soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow or orphan's tear ; they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of darkness to increase the happiness, dignity, and power of all men—new forms of truth, new maxims of wisdom, new images of beauty and nobleness, ‘won from the void and formless infinite’ a possession for ever of the generations of the earth.”

Uhland is classed among the minor poets of Germany, we suppose, because he has not written either tragedies or epics ; but a small and perfect poem is, in reality, a greater work than an imperfect drama, or other glorious “insufficiency.” To render any composition perfect, requires much time, art, and genius ; greatness in literature does not consist in five acts or twenty-four books, or the selection of a great subject, but in its

conception and execution. Thus a song of a few perfect verses is really a greater and more enduring monument of mind than a second-rate epic, or other pyramidal poem, or to any rough scene-painting of the passions, in which so much of even second-class tragedy consists. Some of Uhland's little ballads and discursive essays in verse are perfection, judged by the ideal the poet had in his head when he composed them. Some are derived from old national and mythologic traditions, but it is not ballads of this class which we most admire, but some of his briefer ballad poems, which have a sort of double soul—a sort of delicate allegoric and moral inner meaning. *L'Allegorie qui inhabite un palais diaphane* is only effective in short compositions when it accompanies the objective form, or like its spiritual shadow. Among Uhland's most charming ballads, for detail, art and ideality, is "The Black Knight," where there is a description of the courteous figure joining in the dance in an ancient castle. He selects as his partner a beautiful maiden: as they enjoy the music and motion, the flowers begin to wither and drop from her wreath; the music at first so joyous grows mournful, and seems to come from a distance; and when the maiden rests from the dance, she has ceased to breathe—for the Dark Knight her partner was Death. Still better are the verses "Across the Ferry." An old man in a boat is crossing the river he had not visited since he was young; he recalls the dear friends who were then his companions: they are now no more; and when he reaches the opposite bank he gives the ferryman two additional coins, paying for the passage of the dear dead ones who had passed it with him—companions of his heart's memory. Uhland's brief sketches of scenery—for instance, his little verses on "Spring"—are composed of words which are like drops of sunny rain; some of his patriotic poems are fine in thought and measure; and his best verses are as peculiarly Teutonic as any of those of Schiller or Goethe. His Fairy poems also are peculiar in the sweet German homeliness of their details, and the spiritual simplicity of their fancy. His manner is rather to tell a story by suggestion than to work it out in the ordinary descriptive mode—this is ideal treatment. Besides his narrative ballads, he has written a number of songs and little verses embodying impressions of nature, passing moods of mind, sweet, joyous, or sad. Some of these are like little floating shadows, distant lights, or fine chords of music, struck and dying on the air. Many such are melancholy.

Of Uhland's melancholy and aspiring musings, the following is an instance, taken at random from his short poems:—

"As through the night-calm I tread
With soul full of solemn fancies,
Full of radiant necromancies,
Like moon-clouds o'er the sleeping Dead,
Something of the Infinite I borrow,

And thoughts that rise as earth through the bars
 Of dim cloud rolls through the waste of stars
 Toward eternal day,
 Draw my spirit away
 From care and sorrow."

Here is another mood, entitled, "A Spring Holiday":—

"Oh! sweet Spring noon, which balmily
 Quickens my pulse with sunshine gay:
 If ever a song succeed with me,
 It must succeed to-day.
 But why beneath the beauteous clime,
 Would I not know some happy lay?
 Ah! Spring is the poet's festal time,
 A time to rest in light, and pray."

Heine is in some respects a higher order of poet than Uhland. His "Buch der Lieder," besides its brief and charming melancholy verses, contains music and legendary ballads: "Le Chevalier Olaf," "Harold Herfanger," "Almanzor," and the "Undines;" but its grandest poetry is in the series of verses on the "North Sea," "Posadon," "The Storm," whose strophes have the majestic undulations of the waves. Those verses are sombre; steeped in the grey shadows of the polar clouds.

In his youth, Uhland's favourite study was the old ballad of German literature; on it he partly formed his style, but he has a manner peculiarly his own, delicate and ideal, which renders the conceptions of the poet of a cultivated age superior to the old minstrelsy of Vaterland. The ballad generally narrates a story or incident, but many such are little epics; and this form of poetry can be made to comprise *in petto* all the elements of the epic, dramatic incident, character, dialogue, scene and situation. Not a few examples are to be found in the ballad collections of various countries which exhibit unsurpassable traits of descriptive force, and the most touching simplicity; unlike the imaginative scenes extemporized by a writer, they are like the narrations of an individual who had witnessed or acted in the scene described. In Percy's English collection, there are many such; many in our old Celtic poetry. The ballad poetry of Europe and the East is coloured with the race characteristics and climates in which it originated. How different in style and metre are the Homeric rhapsodies of war and voyage to the stern or sweet, wild or gloomy songs of Scandinavia—heroic songs, dream-legends, which seem moulded by the winds out of the grey clouds of the north!—how different those from the chivalrous, romantic, amorous Spanish ballad, half Iberian, half Moorish: so full of the hot sunshine of southern passion; whose images are those of a warm climate—flowers and odours—not clouds, grasses, and heath, rocks and waves.

N. W.

THE PALACE OF DREAMS.

PART II.

Dreaming in space beneath the magic night,
 Pictures still rose before the poet's sight,
 Rich fragment fancies, floating cloudlets fanned
 By winds of sunset lovely, lone, or grand,
 Austere and terrible with thunder-light,
 Like vignettes framed by some enchanter's hand,
 When in a mood of phantasy he'd form
 Visions of beauty calm, or gloom and storm,
 Of meditative heaven, or shuddering hell,
 Which, so imagined, fine or fair or fell,
 Mind to the scenic sense made visible.

Now seemed a region in wide air to rise,
 A land of sweet autumnalized repose,
 Still as the spaces which the quiet skies
 Reveal through western drifts of watery rose
 Serene, round morn or even's steady star :
 First in the silence he beheld afar,
 Beyond an unknown coast, in clear sea day,
 The glimmering levels of a quiet bay,
 Whose tide toward ocean outward flowed away ;
 With fronting mountains, keen as purple spar,
 And low, mellowing slopes of mingled grey ;
 Streams that in sleep through searing woodlands wound
 Rocks—flowers of innocent beauty—all things round
 Are toned with colours of the quiet glow ;
 And from the deep mid-channel's loneliness
 He heard its solitary murmur swoon,
 Ebbing to sea in the still afternoon,
 Beyond the capes remote and cool and low,
 That scarce above the watery distance show ;
 While o'er the skiey ridges calm, and o'er
 The breathing yellow land and sandy shore,
 The Eden beauty of the dreaming light
 Enchants the wonder-wandering sight :
 A sleeping picture, clear and sweet,
 And fair as it is fleet—
 For now 'tis melted into air, and soon,
 As under some black vapour drives the moon,
 Out in the stormy sunshine of a green
 And heavy, rolling, rounding main, is seen,

'Mid careless, curling billows and flying spray,
 Scudding under a steep-walled promontory
 And wind-blown fortress brown, an argosy
 Of ancient time, toil through the water's sway,
 With square sail bellied and high surfy prow
 Aslant, amid the outward billows bounding
 Into the open, and the precipice rounding,
 Plunge through the surges of the stormier sea,
 A ship that wafted many a martial form
 Upon a mission heroic and sublime ;
 And with them one fair northern maid, whose heart
 From her steeled lover could not beat apart,
 Living a lone life, like a broken rhyme,
 But held by him for battle and for storm
 Crusading ; for it seemed the stirring time
 When Europe witnessed her strong sons depart
 To wrest the Holy Land from pagan sway.
 Hell's mortal shadow resting dark upon
 The Orient, wrapped in tumult and affray,
 And toward the tomb of the Divinest One
 Whose Spirit has celestialized our clay,
 Hurried like stormy clouds from the western grey ;
 Nor rest was there for thousands until they
 Followed the trumpet toward the rising sun.
 Still traced the dreamer the great vessel's flight,
 Which, through the roaring darkness of the night
 Scudded a solitary sea, afar
 From friendly gleam of helm-directing star.

A darker change o'erspread the visioned vast,
 As though subterrene night eclipsed the noon ;
 Nor more a music of Romance, but from
 The pyramid heart of some sublimer poem
 Or lyre, from whose dark chords low thunders broke,
 With lightnings which revealed the destiny
 Of good and evil, in eternity,—
 Vibrating o'er the deserts of time awoke
 A gloomier vision in his spirit's dome.
 He thought he awoke with the sound of a mighty bell,
 And heard its doleful cadences expire
 O'er a windy waste where darkness fell
 In flashes from a firmament of hell,
 Silent, starless, strange and vast,
 The while he wandered among
 Sights and silences terrible ;
 Until he came at last
 To where a desolate antre, all o'erhung
 With roof of lower-lowering angry fire,

Skirting a fathomless main ;
 Where wandered wide a desolate host
 Apart, in torment, lonely and lost,
 Of flaming fiend and anguished ghost ;
 Some of aspect cruel and cold,
 Breathless with hatred and disdain
 For mortal and immortal, and deep eyes
 Stone-sullen, under brows of serpent fold :
 There some, gnashing their rage with bloody tongue,
 Mumbled inarticulate blasphemies ;
 And some couched moody, waiting with sad minds

 The rising of the torture winds,
 Shrank in prospective pain ;
 But soon swept upon the blast
 That swooned from the eternal past,
 The region faded into vaporous grey :

 And from the shadowing frontier of that hell
 Loomed vaguely a dominion where abode

 The phantoms of old Wars,
 Battalions, under the gaunt throne of Death ;—
 And that, too, clouded away.

There rose upon his sight
 A host, bright as a firmament of stars,
 And flashed, and, like the northern light,
 Sank into solitudes of night,
 Where a great moon's blank and sombre face—
 Like some old lonely god's eternal tomb—
 Shone, mouldering in forgotten space,
 Among the austere wrecks of olden doom.

Through space the Dreamer's spirit wandered still :
 When, as obeying fancy fixed by will,
 Rose on his view the regions infinite,
 Thronged with the systems and the worlds, between
 Whose primal and reflected seas of light
 Vast shadows coursed the hollow, where were seen
 Primordial influences spreading wide,
 'Twixt sphere and sphere, system with system buoyed
 Upon the impalpable bosom of the void,
 Like billows of an omnipresent tide,
 Now rolled in one and by the force destroyed ;
 And now new centres taking shape once more,
 To roll again around some luminous shore,
 Innumerable suns sequent as waves,
 Alike the womb of planets and their graves ;
 But he beheld all where in sun and sphere
 Conditions ripening to an end, as here
 Results of Deitific, Prescient Cause

Ennobling life and matter without pause;
 All futures still, the offspring of a past,
 Each brighter, broader, heavenlier than the last.

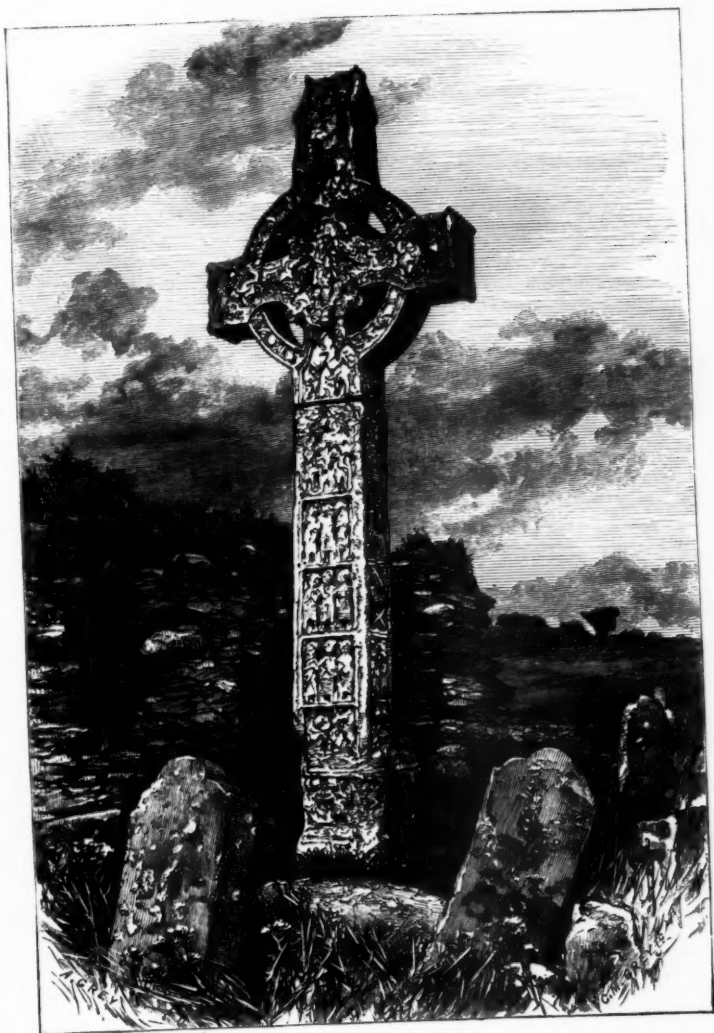
* * * * *

In the lofty turret room,
 Wainscoted with black yew,
 Flickered a lamp in the windy gloom
 Far out upon the sea :
 An aged clock tolled up to "Two,"
 In a corner like a tomb,
 Standing loneliness.
 And underneath the great trees shook,
 Above the winter-swollen brook,
 In the sad, shadowy wind that blew
 Along the shore disconsolately ;
 And then the light expired, and dark
 Possessed the chamber and the park ;
 The scattered scrolls 'mid the darkness blind
 Rustled in the wandering wind,
 Like the souls of the writers fled,
 Until the gusty morning red
 Lengthening along the dreary seas,
 Desolate in the cloud and breeze,
 Fell on the sleeper as he lay
 Fronting the rainy break of day.

T. C. IRWIN.

MONASTERBOICE.

AMONG the most perfect specimens of Gaelic-Christian art scattered amid the ruins of the ancient sanctuaries of Ireland, are the superb crosses at Monasterboice, near Drogheda. Here, in the centre of a deserted place of tombs, the crumbling remains of two churches of great antiquity—a lofty and majestic round tower, and three venerable Celtic crosses of magnificent proportions and wonderfully elaborate workmanship—crown the site of the ancient Monastery of St. Buite. Boetius, or Buite, is believed to have been a disciple of St. Patrick. He is styled in the Annals Buite-Mac-Bronaigh, Bishop of Mainister; and Dr. Lanigan remarks that the name *Monaster* (Mainister), indicating his place of residence, shows that he governed a monastery. Monasterboice is one of the oldest of those venerable sanctuaries which arose



GREAT CROSS, MONASTERBOICE.—See page 146.

in Erin when the virgin Aurora of Christianity first sprinkled her valleys with light—one of those grand monastic foundations which became, during the mediæval centuries, the homes of saints and scholars from every European clime. There is one learned Irishman connected with this great school specially mentioned by our historians, viz., Flann of the Monastery, who held the office of chief professor at Monasterboice in the eleventh century. After enumerating the works of this eminent scholar, Professor O'Curry says:—

“Such learning will probably seem very remarkable at so early a period in Ireland, and even were it confined to Churchmen, it must be admitted to be evidence of very considerable cultivation. But in this instance of Flann of the Monastery, we have proof that this learning and cultivation were not confined to Irish ecclesiastics, for though we find the name of Flann associated with the Monastery of St. Buithe, it is well known he was not in orders. . . . Flann was the predecessor of Tighernach; and without in the least degree derogating from the well-earned reputation of that distinguished annalist, enough of the works of Flann remain to show that he was a scholar of fully equal learning, and a historic investigator of the greatest merit.”

The churches, the round tower, and the magnificent sculptured crosses of Monasterboice form, says Wakeman, “a group of ecclesiastical antiquities in many respects unsurpassed in Ireland.” The round tower, which Dr. Petrie considers to be coeval with the crosses, was probably erected in the early part of the tenth century. It is fifty-one feet in circumference: its present altitude is ninety feet; but the original height was greater, a portion of the top having been shattered by lightning. Of the two churches, the one adjoining the tower belongs to the thirteenth century; the other, of ruder construction, was erected at a much earlier period.

The sculptured crosses, which form the special feature of attraction of the ruins of Monasterboice, are three in number. One of them was broken, it is believed, by Cromwell: the head and part of the shaft alone remaining. “The smaller of the two remaining crosses is most eminently beautiful. The figures and ornaments with which its various sides are enriched, appear to have been executed with an unusual degree of care, and even of artistic skill. It has suffered but little from the effects of time, and it stands almost as perfect as when, nearly nine centuries ago, the artist, we may suppose, pronounced his work finished, and chiefs and abbots, bards, shanachies, warriors, and ecclesiastics, and perhaps many a rival sculptor, crowded round this very spot, full of wonder and admiration for what they must have considered a truly glorious and unequalled work.”*

The larger cross is formed of three stones, the shaft, the

* “Wakeman's Antiquities.”

cross with arms in the circle, and the top-piece; the entire height being twenty-seven feet. Part of the shaft is damaged—Mr. Wakeman considers by violence, in a systematic attempt made to overturn the cross. The sides of the shaft are divided into panels, each containing a group of sculptured figures. The sculptures have suffered considerably from the rains and storms of centuries, some being nearly defaced. The following are the principal subjects represented on this cross: eastern side—The soldiers guarding the Sepulchre; the Baptism of our Lord; the Twelve Apostles; and in centre of the circle the Crucifixion: western side—David killing the lion; the sacrifice of Isaac; and Christ blessing the little children. The remaining sides of the shaft are ornamented with sculptures and scroll-work, and the circle is enriched with most beautiful and elaborate moulding.

The original type of the Celtic cross was the rude stone graven with the sign of Redemption, within a circle the symbol of eternity, which marked the last resting-place of the primitive saints of the Irish Church. Later, this style of monument developed into a rudely-formed cross, the upper part of the shaft being hewn in the form of a circle, from which the arms and top extended. In the sculptured crosses erected between the ninth and twelfth centuries, the portion indicating the circle is replaced by a ring of elaborate ornamentation connecting the upper part, shaft and arms of the cross. Those magnificent creations of Celtic genius, inspired by religion, are, as works of sculptured art of the period to which they belong, unrivalled in Europe. No other monument amid the ruins of the olden sanctuaries of our isle can awaken memories so solemn and thrilling as the sacred and majestic symbol of that faith cherished by our fathers in the days of Ireland's brightest glory, and preserved by their descendants through centuries of darkness, reverses, and desolation, with a devotion unparalleled in the annals of time. That glorious emblem is emblazoned on every page of Erin's sad and chequered story; it is to her the sacred memento of centuries of heroic combat and deathless triumph; and around it are entwined, in all the wanderings of exile, the dearest hopes and aspirations of the sorrow-stricken children of the Gael.



THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

BY DENIS F. HANNIGAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"So, then you have often transacted business through Sharkey's agency, Mr. Callanan?"

"Oh! yes; very frequently, Sir Annesley."

"You have, I dare say, made him your agent in advancing money by way of loan?"

"Excuse me, Sir Annesley: this touches on my private affairs; and I always make it a rule to keep them a secret from the outer world."

"Oh! I wished merely to get some idea of your mode of transacting business generally, as it is just possible we may have some little negotiations one of these days."

"I shall be glad to do anything in my power to accommodate you, Sir Annesley; but I must confess I am a little squeamish where business is concerned."

"I dare say your punctilio is quite proper, though I must confess it appears rather novel to me. But it is surely no breach of confidence to let me know whether any transaction that I might have occasion to enter into with you, could be managed by Sharkey as well as if I dealt directly with you myself."

Mr. Callanan stared at the baronet, who seemed to be a little confused, and to be awkwardly trying to hide his confusion under a veil of circumlocution.

The dialogue between them, of which a portion has been given above, was held in the library, into which the baronet had led Mr. Callanan almost immediately after dinner. Indeed, Sir Annesley had refrained from lingering over his wine as long as usual, as if the matter he wished to speak about were weighing heavily on his mind.

The room was in partial darkness, for the evening was already far advanced; and the stained-glass windows, which almost shut out the sun in the full radiance of noon, admitted only a faint gleam in the deepening twilight. The two figures, seated at opposite sides of the table, were both in shadow; but the baronet could see his companion's face, which was turned fully towards him. Few, indeed, would think, judging from those imperturbable features, that this man had passed through such a variety of painful emotions only a short time before. Mr. Callanan looked as calm and unruffled as if his nature were undisturbed by the faintest breath of passion.

"Mr. Sharkey is not your family lawyer, I suppose, Sir Annesley?" said Mr. Callanan, after an awkward pause.

"Well, I may say he has acted as my legal adviser during the last two years—since my father's lawyer, Gregory, died. I believe Sharkey knows more about my affairs, at present, than any other."

"Indeed!"

"He has procured some money for me occasionally," the baronet went on, with that indiscretion which generally attends on mental confusion. "I have had occasion to procure a few loans, you see, as the estate had got slightly—slightly—embarrassed." Sir Annesley brought out the last word with a great gulp.

"Indeed!" Mr. Callanan's impassive face gave no indication of the effect which this information had upon him.

"Yes; the fact is, Mr. Callanan, I would be able to clear off the burdens of the estate by a little management, if I could only procure about ten thousand pounds. I would sell some of the timber, and might get a higher rent for some of the farms, which are at present let at rather too low a figure."

The baronet here paused rather abruptly, as if he were in some doubt as to the wisdom of revealing so much of his affairs to Mr. Callanan; but when a man's necessities are very great, he cannot be quite mealy-mouthed with one to whom he looks for help.

"The encumbrances on the estate must be very considerable," said Mr. Callanan slowly.

"No doubt, they are considerable," returned the baronet, revolving his thumbs uneasily; "but I should be quite confident of paying them off, if I could procure the amount I mentioned. Perhaps you could let me have that sum at a fair interest through our friend Sharkey?"

Mr. Callanan shook his head very decisively. "I fear I am not in a position to accommodate you in that way at present, Sir Annesley. I have no money to spare beyond my immediate wants."

"But I understood that you were—excuse me for mentioning it, but it is the general report—one of the richest men in Cork."

"I would advise you not to trust to rumour on such points, Sir Annesley," said Mr. Callanan, gravely. "But I think you slightly misunderstood my words. The fact is, I have all my money invested at present; some of it is lent out on mortgage—some of it on other securities. Indeed, I could not, at this moment, spare five hundred pounds in cash."

On hearing this intelligence, Sir Annesley at first appeared rather chafallen; but in a few moments his face resumed its old expression of overweening self-importance.

"It doesn't matter," he said, with well-affected indifference. "Of course, I shall find very little difficulty in arranging the matter. The gentry sometimes get a little embarrassed, you

know, owing to unforeseen contingencies ; but these things must rectify themselves. Of course, it would be impossible to replace the existing aristocracy with safety to the Government. The Legislature would, I am sure, if necessary, provide a means for retaining them in the country. Besides, Sharkey will find a way soon out of the difficulty. I need scarcely observe, Mr. Callanan, that what I have just said is in the very strictest confidence."

If Sir Annesley could see Mr. Callanan's face at that moment, he would read in it, perhaps, an expression of contempt ; but the library was, by this time, in almost total darkness.

"You may be assured, Sir Annesley, that I know how to appreciate a privileged communication," was the courteous rejoinder to the baronet's last words.

"Well, it is rather awkward, Mr. Callanan, that you have not the money to spare at present. It might be of some advantage to both of us."

"Both?" Mr. Callanan repeated almost involuntarily.

"Why, yes. You would have had your interest ; and I would have been able to manage my affairs out of hand."

"Interest is not of much consequence to me," said Mr. Callanan, coldly.

"Really you surprise me, Mr. Callanan. Is it not one of the first considerations of every man of business?"

"Well, so you may think, Sir Annesley. It is not my first consideration, at any rate."

"It is growing quite dark here," said the baronet, as he arose from his seat. "We had better return to the ladies."

Accordingly, they left the library together, and proceeded towards the drawing-room, where they found only Lady Moore and Rose ; for Frank had brought his two aunts out for an evening walk, and Charles and Miss Quain were, to use Rose's words, "moping somewhere about the house."

The expression of uneasiness in Sir Annesley's face did not escape the observation of Lady Moore ; but she had sufficient tact to avoid all reference to it in Mr. Callanan's presence.

"So we lose your society to-morrow, Mr. Callanan," she said, politely.

"I don't suppose the loss will be a very serious one, Lady Moore," replied Mr. Callanan. "My society is, I fear, rather dull."

"Oh ! dear, no," said her ladyship, with a courteous smile. "But surely you could stay until the end of the week?"

"I am a man of business, Lady Moore," he returned, "and could not afford to lose another day."

"Does business then require such unremitting attention?" asked Rose, with a sneer.

"Business requires careful superintendence, Miss Moore," said Mr. Callanan, looking at the girl with some curiosity. Perhaps he

was thinking over the old woman's account of the family curse, and asking himself whether she was to be the last of the Moores.

"Could not any common person conduct business well, as the phrase is?" Rose enquired, with a sarcastic expression of countenance. "I have heard it said that persons of the meanest capacity and vulgarest mind succeeded best at business."

"You take a very narrow view of the question, Miss Moore, if you will excuse for telling you so."

"Well, it matters little, I am sure," said Rose contemptuously. "I was merely alluding to an opinion I once heard expressed. It may have been incorrect."

"You are young, Miss Moore," observed Mr. Callanan gravely. "Experience will teach you to look at things in a different light. Commerce is the very life-blood of society; for, without it, culture and social refinement would be impossible."

"But has it not a tendency to make men base and sordid?" Rose asked, with passionate warmth.

"I cannot see why that should necessarily be so," said Mr. Callanan.

"You must not pay any attention to this child's silly notions, Mr. Callanan," Lady Moore smilingly interposed.

"Oh! she is, by no means silly, madam, if you'll allow me to say so," said Mr. Callanan quickly. "She seems to think for herself, which is often a sign of a powerful mind, though sometimes a dangerous thing."

"I cannot see anything noble in commerce," said Rose, who, seemed indifferent to these remarks upon her mental peculiarities. "Commercial people have a habit of regarding everything as a question of buying and selling—a mere matter of profit and loss. Indeed, they carry this notion so far that they seem to consider even honour itself a marketable commodity."

To this observation Mr. Callanan vouchsafed no reply, though his face seemed to become quite pallid for a few moments, as if he were moved by some strong emotion. An embarrassing silence followed, which was broken by the entrance of Aunt Deborah and Mrs. Donovan, followed by their nephew, who was humming one of Burns's most celebrated songs with his usual light-hearted gaiety.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAUNTERING along the garden that evening, his heart filled with a strange and inexplicable sense of depression, Charles Callanan suddenly came face to face with the very subject of his reverie—Miss Quain.

"How strange," he murmured, "and yet how fortunate is this meeting!"

"Accident seems to bring us often together, Mr. Callanan," she returned, with some embarrassment.

"Let us rather say Fate!" cried Charles, with an energy that at once astonished and alarmed her. "I did not expect to meet you here this evening, but I am heartily glad that I have met you; for, as this is the last evening I shall spend at Moore's Court, I was most anxious to have a few parting words with you."

The governess looked into his face quietly and sadly. It was not hard to read the emotion that flashed in his eyes and trembled on his lips.

"I have been thinking of you very much of late, Miss Quain," he said, with unusual rapidity of utterance. "Your image has been constantly before my mind; and I know that when I leave this place I shall bear it away with me." Miss Quain's pale features flushed for a moment, and she cast down her eyes upon the ground, without uttering a single word. It could scarcely be said that she possessed much beauty in the ordinary sense. Her figure wanted that delicate softness of outline which we generally associate with perfection of form, and her face had none of that rich colouring which distinguishes blooming womanhood from the lifeless symmetry of a Grecian statue. Yet, who with a mind capable of penetrating beneath the surface of things, could gaze upon that clear, noble brow, those sweet, thoughtful-looking eyes, in whose depths a guileless soul was mirrored, and those delicately-cut lips, full of chaste enthusiasm, without feeling that here was a loveliness far higher than that which merely appeals to the coarse testimony of the senses? Charles had pictured her in his own imagination toiling with heart and brain to maintain a helpless parent, in a world which rewards its noblest workers with a niggard hand. She seemed to have bartered away the freshness and gladness of youth, submitted her will to the dull routine of a school-room, and her feelings to the continual slights and sneers of those who regarded her as a mere passive drudge. Yet, amid all this petty torture, that was surely enough to fritter away her existence, she preserved a serenity of temper and a rare cheerfulness of spirit that, to Charles's mind, appeared simply heroic. Filled as he was with hatred of social wrongs, and a belief that the law of kindness was cruelly violated by the world's usages, his heart was drawn towards her the more strongly on account of her unmerited sufferings and uncomplaining endurance.

The hour and the place seemed made for tender thoughts and soul-dissolving emotions. The faint shadows of twilight were gathering around them, and the west was empurpled by the rich colours of the sunset. The gathering darkness seemed to throw a shadowy mantle over the flowers themselves, for their shining petals were already losing half their brightness. The air was not stirred by even the faintest breeze. In the softness of hue that overspread every surrounding object, till light and shade seemed

to be strangely blended, and, as it were, fused into one; in the profound stillness, amid which wearied Nature seemed to relax her overstrained energies; and in the delicious sadness which always seems to linger around the dying day, there was some mysterious suggestiveness that seemed to make the very silence eloquent.

"Perhaps you do not understand me," said Charles, with passionate earnestness. "Since that day when you told me about your early life, and revealed to me something of that nobleness of character which lies hidden, like a gem, in your modest nature, I have grown too deeply interested in your life to forget you soon. But I have seen you more truly since then—I have discovered some of the quiet tenderness that dwells within you. I know you have a heart to feel—I know you have a heart to love. Can you accept such a poor offering as my heart?"

She turned her face away from him. There were tears in her eyes, and, perhaps, she did not wish him to see them. He took her hand, but she gently drew it away.

"Have I offended you, dear Mary?" he asked, gazing at her somewhat mournfully—"let me call you Mary—I have seen your name at the end of the manuscript of your tale, and I think it is the sweetest name on earth. Surely I have not hurt your feelings by what I have said? Pray, forgive me if I have done wrong!"

There was something so tender and sympathetic in his tone, that she seemed deeply touched. She turned her face towards him once more with a modest grace. "I know your nature is full of kindness," she said, "and that you would not knowingly say anything to pain me; but this is so sudden, so unexpected, that I cannot answer you. Indeed," she added, with hurried and trembling accents, "it is much better that you should forget me. It would only cause pain to indulge in such a feeling; it might, in the end, be the occasion of misery to both of us. Let us be friends, and forget that you have ever spoken thus!"

"Why do you say this? You have nothing to keep you apart from me, surely? Ah! perhaps you are engaged already to another?"

"No—I have no one in this world to whom my life can be of service now," she replied, in a low, tremulous tone.

"Then let *me* be your friend—nay, let me be *more* than your friend, dear Mary!" he cried. "I have not been blind to your goodness and purity of character. It is not because you are chained down here to an ignoble drudgery amongst people who cannot appreciate you, that you should shut out the light of love from your heart. I know I am unworthy of you. I have till now done little. I have been a languid idler in the vineyard of life; but I shall not be so in the future. Your love will give me energy and ambition."

"You forget," she returned, with enforced calmness, "that duty

may call you far away from the path you would choose for yourself. You have your parents, and you have a sister, who loves you dearly—is it not so?"

"Yes; I have a sister," he said, "and I know she loves me. But do not imagine that I wish to fly from home or friends. Can you not be a sister to my sister, and, at the same time, my own guardian angel? I know you are not indifferent to me. Do not tear away your heart from the path that Providence, I am sure, has marked out for both of us!"

"But you have not consulted those who are dearest to you, and who have a right to claim some control over your actions?"

"Am I not free to act for myself?" he asked vehemently. "Am I to be the mere mechanical instrument of worldly plans? I know they cannot, and will not interpose. Surely, every feeling that nature instils into our hearts is not to be rudely trampled under-foot through timidity or worldliness?"

He uttered these words with such passionate vehemence, that she advanced nearer, and laid her hand with a kind of sisterly gentleness upon his shoulder. It must be confessed that, of the two, she was far the more prudent and thoughtful.

"We must not blindly follow every sudden impulse," she said. "We may deceive ourselves sometimes by imagining that our happiness lies in a certain direction. You may make for yourself a useful and, I will say, a noble career. Providence has made none of us for indolent self-indulgence. But do not allow yourself to be carried away by a transient passion."

"You are a rigid moralist, I fear," said Charles, with a sad smile. "But you do not care for me, I see; for, if your feelings were really moved, you would not speak to me in this cold, didactic fashion." He spoke with some bitterness, as though he felt that she was insensible to the strength of his affection.

"Be patient!" she said, with more emotion than she had hitherto shown. "I can appreciate your kindness, and I know that you are the very soul of sincerity; but how can you expect me to reply, all at once, to such a hasty proposal? Indeed, I am sure it will be better for both of us not to indulge in a vain illusion of our own hearts. Our paths lie apart: it was, no doubt, a mere chance that brought us together. Forget me, I pray you, or think of me only as a friend, who would gladly do anything in her power to serve you!"

"Well, I hope we may be something more to one another some day," he said, with an expression of deep despondency in his face. "I hope, at any rate, that I shall have a place in your memory."

"I will remember you, indeed," she replied, with considerable agitation. "I can never forget your kindness." She paused, and extended towards him her hand. He raised it to his lips, and kissed it passionately.

"Miss Quain!" cried a well-known voice, whose tone was singularly loud and imperious, and in a moment, Rose Moore stood beside them.

Charles reddened, and a slight flush suffused the governess's pale features. Rose laughed disdainfully.

"What a romantic person you must be really, Mr. Callanan," she said, "when you use your eloquence for the purpose of bewitching Miss Quain!"

"I only met Miss Quain in the garden by the merest accident," Charles returned, in some confusion; "and, as I may not see her for a long time again, I was saying a few parting words to her."

"You are very ingenuous, no doubt," said Rose, with a slight curl of the lip. "But I merely came out to see whether Miss Quain might be here, and to tell you, by mamma's request, that she would like to see you before you go. You leave early to-morrow, I believe?"

Charles merely answered "Yes," and followed them slowly into the house. When they entered the drawing-room, Lady Moore and Mrs. Donovan happened to be engaged in a very earnest conversation, while Frank was relating to his father and Mr. Callanan some incident that had occurred during his walk. Aunt Deborah was too much absorbed in the mournful history of the "Martyrs" to heed the entrance of three young persons into the drawing-room.

Curiosity was thus happily diverted from Charles and the governess; and Rose, through pride or indifference—or, it was just possible, through delicacy—did not allude to the scene in the garden.

During the remainder of the evening Charles appeared to be in a state of melancholy abstraction. He replied to Lady Moore's friendly observations with rather a languid air, and did not seem to be much interested in anything that was said by those around him. He had made his preparations for departure that very morning, for his father had found an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject before breakfast. There was not much about Moore's Court itself that entwined itself around his heart, save the garden, where he more than once had met the object of his affections. As for Sir Annesley and his puritanic elder sister, there was not very much to love in either of them, he thought. He could not help feeling, however, that Lady Moore had treated him with great courtesy; and, though Rose's scornful manner repelled him, he believed that there was something noble and fearless in her nature, which seemed to shadow forth a great destiny for her in the future. The friendship which had sprung up between Frank and himself at college was still as firm as ever; and, when the two young men shook hands that night at parting, there was a strange earnestness in their grasp, as if they both felt that they might never meet again.

But all his regrets seemed to centre around the gentle, pure-souled governess. He pictured her in his mind over and over again, and sighed when he thought how coldly she had received his declaration of love. Surely she was not one to listen with indifference to words of true affection! He had noticed that there were tears in her eyes when she turned her head away from him; and she seemed to be repressing her feelings when she promised that she would not forget him. She had spoken to him, indeed, with frankness and sympathy; but she seemed to shrink timidly away from the very thought of love. "She is too severe in her views of life, I fear," he said to himself, as he lay tossing uneasily in bed that night. "She seems to think that we have a duty imposed upon us to sacrifice our affections in the hope of doing some good for others. I think that this is a foolish renunciation of our own happiness. Surely we only render ourselves useless in the end, by withering our own hearts! She does not see how much good she might do if she accepted my love. She would make me capable of better things than I have hitherto been. Whatever gifts nature has bestowed on me might be utilized for some noble end. She is so pure and unselfish herself, that she would be to me like some good angel who had assumed a human form, to guide me through the darkness and wickedness of this world."

With such reflections he fell asleep, and in his dreams he beheld a white-robed maiden standing on the summit of a lofty mountain; and she seemed to wave her arms towards him, as he stood despondent in the plain below. Then, with fearless feet he climbed the mountain side, and, after a toilsome ascent, reaches the summit at last, bruised and bleeding; but lo! the white figure had vanished. He awoke with a sense of pain and disappointment. It was only a vision, but it filled him with melancholy forebodings. And yet, in the midst of this depression, he felt a sense of higher powers developing within him, and revealing to him the nobler capacities of his nature.

Love, when it is pure and unselfish, must always be a special revelation. The mystery that underlies the relations of human life can never exercise over us a deep or ennobling influence until we realize the great truth that our hearts were not created for ourselves alone. The subtle force of sympathy; the yearning that fails to express itself in words; the self-abandonment which makes one human soul seem entirely absorbed in another;—these are the wondrous agencies by which Nature raises us above the petty egotism of existence. There are only two paths by which we may ascend above the level of commonplace worldliness: we must either be guided to the higher life by the light which pure womanhood sheds upon the earth, or our souls must be lifted by a supernatural power into direct communication with the Divine Spirit itself.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. NATHANIEL SHARKEY sat poring over a yellow-looking parchment, at the head of which appeared the words, "Deed of Grant," when his red-haired clerk tapped at the door and said, with some grandiloquence :

"Mr. Callanan awaiting an audience, sir!"

"Show him in at once, J. P.!" returned Mr. Sharkey, flinging the yellow-looking parchment into the heap of legal documents lying on the opposite side of the table.

"Oh, Mr. Callanan! how do you do? Very glad to see you, sir."

"I came to know," said Mr. Callanan, rather unceremoniously, "whether you have sent all the money I gave you not long since to Sir Annesley Moore?"

"You mean the last advance, I suppose, Mr. Callanan?"

"Yes. Did he get it yet?"

"Well, part of it only. The fact is, Mr. Callanan, it will be much safer to deal cautiously with Sir Annesley in this matter. I am paying him the last advance by means of instalments. I intend to send him the last instalment in a day or two; or perhaps I may give it to him myself when I arrive at Moore's Court."

"Oh! then you mean to go there soon yourself? What do you mean to do when you get there, Mr. Sharkey?"

"Well, I believe the law empowers me to see after the management of the estate. The time for payment of the mortgage-money has already passed, and yet even the interest is left unpaid. Under these circumstances it would scarcely be wise to allow Sir Annesley the full power of collecting the rents and renewing leases."

"That is perfectly right," said Mr. Callanan, his face kindling with exultation; "he is no longer the owner of Moore's Court."

"Well, I think that would scarcely be accepted as a valid legal proposition by the Master of the Rolls," observed Mr. Sharkey, with a smirk. "Though Sir Annesley cannot be regarded as the absolute owner, perhaps, we could scarcely say that any other person is the owner."

"I don't want to enter into technical distinctions," said Mr. Callanan, somewhat disdainfully. "I merely wish you to take good care of my interests, and see that Sir Annesley Moore forfeits all claim to the property, if he is wholly unable to redeem it."

"I have been looking over what we may call the title-deeds of the estate—I mean the grant by the Crown to the first baronet," said the attorney; "and I find that the rental of the estate appears to have been formerly much larger than it has been for some years past."

"What do you infer from this, Mr. Sharkey? Is it that the

property has been diminished in the hands of the present owner and his predecessor?"

"Your conjecture is marvellously correct, my dear sir," the attorney rejoined. "The estate has, I believe, been considerably lessened in value by grants of perpetual leases and other modes of conveyance. In fact, particular estates, as one might call them, have been carved, so to speak, out of the greater estate, and given to persons who have now acquired a distinct property in their own portions. The result is that the estate is, at present, probably worth some hundreds—possibly a thousand—*per annum* less than it was at the time of the original grant."

"Well, could you give me some definite idea, Mr. Sharkey, of the actual selling value of the estate at present, taking it as it is?" Mr. Callanan looked at the lawyer rather suspiciously as he asked this question.

Mr. Sharkey paused for a few seconds. "Well, roughly, it might fetch, I would venture to say, about sixty thousand pounds at a sale."

"Do you not think it would be worth even more than that?" Another suspicious glance.

"Well, I think you are requiring too much from me, my dear sir," the attorney replied, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I cannot claim to be an auctioneer as well as an attorney, Mr. Callanan, and therefore cannot give infallible testimony as the exact money-value of the estate in question."

"How much of my money has been lent in one way or another to Sir Annesley?" asked Mr. Callanan, with a seriousness which showed that he did not appreciate the lawyer's humour.

"Really, I must say that you put your questions in too arithmetical a form, Mr. Callanan," returned Mr. Sharkey, with that sugary politeness in his tone which might possibly be the keynote of a most artful hypocrisy. "You have probably advanced by way of mortgage several thousands of pounds."

"Several thousands. Would you not say almost as many thousands as you would value the estate at?—fully enough to make me, to all intents and purposes, the purchaser of Moore's Court?"

The attorney paused, and rubbed his chin with a very thoughtful air. "You forget," he said, at length, rather hesitatingly, "that I may have an interest myself in the estate—in fact, I really have—I mean," he added, seeing a dark, suspicious look in Mr. Callanan's face, "I am interested as agent or trustee ——"

"For me?" Mr. Callanan interposed.

"Decidedly. But"—here the attorney wriggled slightly, as if he did not feel quite at his ease—"the fact is, Mr. Callanan, I have myself given some money out of my own pocket—about a thousand pounds—to Sir Annesley, by way of mortgage."

"And so he has been nibbling in all pastures?" exclaimed Mr.

Callanan, with some bitterness. "If you have lent him some money, as you say, you can certainly have your own. But remember, this would give you no claim to the estate, or any part of it, Mr. Sharkey. I may tell you this much—that if you manage the affair expeditiously, and to my satisfaction, you will not lose anything you have a right to. When the Moores have no longer any claim to Moore's Court, you may calculate on being thereby enriched."

"I think I can fathom your meaning," said the lawyer, with that keen glance at Mr. Callanan, which seemed always to be seeking for vantage-ground. "*You* must become the owner of Moore's Court yourself, as soon as Sir Annesley ceases to have any claim upon it. When this change takes place, *I* am to be paid for my trouble."

"You may regard the result to yourself as even more beneficial than this," Mr. Callanan rejoined. "My object is not so much to get the estate for myself, as to take it out of the hands of its present owner and his family."

"Well, in a few weeks more things will probably be coming to a crisis," returned the lawyer. "I'll write to Sir Annesley this very day, and let him know that I intend to go down to Moore's Court very soon, in order to see after the management of the estate. If necessary, I can easily get myself appointed receiver. It is a mere form. So you are going already! How very rapid you are in your mode of transacting business, my dear sir! Well, good morning, Mr. Callanan."

"Good morning, Mr. Sharkey."

And the broker hurried out of the house.

Mr. Sharkey laughed lightly to himself when he found himself alone. It was a way he had of congratulating himself whenever he felt conscious of having outwitted his fellow-man. He removed the yellow-looking old parchment from the heap of documents, in which it seemed to have become temporarily merged, and began to peruse it curiously once more. After a careful examination of this instrument, he laid it down, and, covering his eyes with his hands, seemed for a few minutes lost in thought. At length he began to mutter to himself; and his soliloquy took the following disjointed shape:—

"No technical way of achieving my object.—Title apparently good.—Must serve one of these two masters, Moore or Callanan—no alternative; no way at least by which one might outwit them both, yet act with perfect legality.—Man's own interest, however, must be advanced at all hazards.—Precise mode yet uncertain.—Must trust to circumstances.—Must either get Moore's Court for myself, or —"

He did not dare, even though he was alone, to give utterance to the deep design that was lurking in the caverns of his brain.

(*To be continued.*)